New Statesman

The Week-end Review

VOL. LV · No. 1421 SATURDAY · 7 JUNE 1958 NINEPENCE

Had France a Choice?

★

Tito and the Kremlin

★

Profile of Michael Foot

★

John Raymond on Swift

Comments on the Week's News .. 714
Was There a Choice for France? K. S. Karol 716
Tito and the Kremlin. Norman MacKenzie 717
London Diary. Critic 718
This England 720
Farewell to Satire. Reginald Reynolds 720
The Prophet of Grub Street (drawing of Michael Foot by Vicky).. 721
Doctor's Dilemma. Eustace Chesser.. 722
A Trip to Marseilles. Anthony Carson 724

ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT

The Engineer as Prophet. John Berger 724
Low Life. T. C. Worsley 726
Glyndebourne. Desmond Shawe-Taylor 728
Eiffelmanship. Reyner Banham .. 728
Independent Producer. William Whitebait 730

CORRESPONDENCE

Denis Roussel, Rosemary Filmer, Margaret Doncaster, Peter Meade, Henry Adler, Sir Herbert Read, Ivor Montagu, R. Chester, Simon Briggs, Canon L. John Collins, Hilarie Beaven, Donald Allen and others, Peter Owen 731

Books in General:
The Excremental Vision. John Raymond 735
Queue Here for the Pit. Brian Hill .. 736

REVIEWS

Our Sainted Franco. V. S. Pritchett.. 736
How Much School? Michael Stewart.. 737
Many-Splendoured. David Hawkes .. 738
Lil Old Schicklgruber. A. J. P. Taylor 739
Preachers and Print. Michael Stancliffe 740
Doubting-Castle. C. H. Rolph .. 740
New Novels. Maurice Richardson .. 741
No Russian Whack. Hugh Thomas .. 741
Gramophone Records. Peter Heyworth 742

Week-end Competition 744
City Lights. Taurus 744
The Chess Board. Assiac 745
Week-end Crossword. Set-square .. 745

The Trial of Strength

FROM the outset, the London bus strike has been a tussle between the government and the trade union movement. On the face of it, of course, it is a disagreement between Sir John Elliot and Mr Cousins about the way in which an agreed sum should be distributed among the busmen. But behind them have loomed much more powerful interests and much greater issues: the real parties in dispute are the Prime Minister and the leaders of the TUC, and it is the balance of power between them which is being weighed in Downing Street this week.

That is why the bus strike cannot be airily dismissed as 'unjustified' or 'ineffective'. This is the line that the government and its spokesmen – Sir John Elliot and Sir William Haley among them – have been taking, because they wish the public to believe that nothing more is at stake than a few shillings for a few intemperate busmen, and that the defeat of the strike would harm nobody but Mr Cousins. Such arguments are as unconvincing as the suggestion that nothing can be done because an arbitration award cannot be amended. That is no excuse for letting the strike drag on without making a single constructive effort to settle it.

The explanation is that the government wanted this strike for two reasons. First, so that it could have the long-sought showdown with the unions on a narrow front, in an industry where the impact on production would be least and public reaction would be the strongest. Secondly, so that it could concentrate its forces against Mr Cousins, in the belief that a bus strike would embarrass his relations with his colleagues on the General Council of the TUC, and that a defeat would seriously diminish his growing influence.

In both these objectives Mr Macmillan has had some success. He has gambled on the fact that Mr Cousins, personally, and the TUC as a whole, have been reluctant to call up the reserves lest, by extending the strike, they enable the government to restore its failing popularity by means of a demagogic campaign against the trade unions. But this comparative success does not mean that the government is right, or that it can shrug off its responsibility for this strike. Mr Gaitskell has properly insisted that, within the limits in which the busmen have had to fight, they have shown remarkable discipline.

The fact that, within those limits, they have been unable to win a quick victory does not alter the merits of their case. On the contrary, their case is stronger now than when their claim was initially lodged: as Mr. Gaitskell pointed out, since the admittedly underpaid bus crews had their last wage increase, the cost of living has risen five per cent. and more than 14 million workers have had increases. Since their claim was lodged, moreover, wage demands covering three million workers have been settled. And the London Tube crews are to be given an increase in the near future, though London Transport has been losing money on the Tubes and making it on the buses.

No, the London busmen were deliberately chosen as the target for attack. It is believed that if a decisive victory is won over one of the more militant union groups and one of the most popular union leaders, the rest of the trade union movement will take warning that its bargaining position is greatly impaired – a warning that is underlined by the fact that unemployment now exceeds half a million.

Why is such a victory so urgent at a moment when the government is still unsure whether it is dealing with an incipient recession or with inflation? The answer is that, whichever way the economy now goes, the government's purposes can best be achieved if the trade unions are tamed. The slump may get worse. In that case, it would suit the government and employers if the unions were unable to resist a cut in earnings, so that the level of profit may be maintained. Or the government may intend to prime the pump – as Mr Amory implied in one of his speeches this week. If that happens, it will be helpful if the unions have been shown beforehand (as the Cohen Report suggested) that wage increases will not be linked to the cost of living, but will be kept at or below the increase in productivity. That is why the bus strike is really a trial of strength, and why both sides have attached such importance to a dispute that is in itself comparatively unimportant.

Comments on the Week's News

Lackey of the Imperialists?

Mr Krushchev made two revealing remarks in his hot-headed attack on Yugoslavia at the Communist congress in Sofia. The first was the statement that Yugoslavia was a 'Trojan horse' of western imperialism. This underlines the point made by Norman MacKenzie in his report from Belgrade, which we print on a later page, that 'Yugoslav revisionism' continues to exert an embarrassingly strong influence in eastern Europe: Krushchev has now denounced the Yugoslav leaders for 'their dissident actions against the Socialist countries'. The second remark is even more important, for it shows how dogma has got the better of facts in Krushchev's appraisal of Yugoslavia. How, he asks, can a genuinely Socialist country get 'finance, advantageous credits, and free presents' from the 'imperialist bosses' who are 'striving to wipe the Socialist states from the face of the earth and to stifle the Communist movement'? Since it is impossible that there can be two kinds of Socialism, 'one which is furiously hated by world reaction and another which is acceptable to the imperialists', it follows that Yugoslavia must either objectively, or even privily, be working for the interests of these imperialists. This is dogmatism of the kind which led Stalin into one wrong appreciation after another, and it is an unwelcome return to the rigid doctrine that 'he who is not for us is against us' which, at the 20th Congress and after, it seemed that Krushchev had discarded. No doubt the Americans are not wholly disinterested in giving economic aid to Yugoslavia, but it no more follows that they have corrupted or captured the Yugoslav leaders than it can be argued that Soviet assistance to Nasser has made him a mere catspaw of Moscow.

The Crooked Election

The Portuguese dictator, Salazar, is taking seriously the opposition campaign for next Sunday's presidential election. Nothing has been left undone to ensure an impressive victory for Salazar's candidate, Admiral Tomas. The electoral rolls have been carefully pruned; mass arrests and political trials have taken place, together with constant raids on the offices of the Liberal opposition. None of this has so far disheartened the Liberals. In their candidate, General Delgado, they have found 'a man without fear' (as they describe him in their election literature) and with his personality they have made a tremendous impact. Salazar indeed has been forced to go beyond his normal electoral methods of threats and trickery and, on this occasion, to introduce tanks and machine guns into his campaign. In Lisbon alone, 12 people were killed, over 100 injured and hundreds arrested after the demonstration of 17 May. In Oporto, machine-gun fire has been heard almost nightly for the past fortnight. Elsewhere in Portugal, appearances by Delgado have ended in casualties and arrests, and many of his election meetings have had to be cancelled to avoid bloodshed. In spite of all this, Liberal committees are being set up in most villages, sometimes with the help of the parish priests. The pressure has increased during this week and will reach its climax on Sunday, when it is the police themselves who will distribute at the polling booths the ballot papers which favour Salazar's candidate. Anybody who wants to vote for Delgado will have to ask for another type of ballot paper obtainable (in theory) from Delgado's supporters. Incidentally, only about one million out of Portugal's population of ten million are on the electoral roll. The Ministry of the Interior has recently issued a secret instruction to the police: 'We must get a big majority at all costs. The civil governor is there to protect you'. Naturally, victory for the Salazar candidate is certain; but Delgado's campaign has achieved its purpose. The myth of Salazar's benevolent regime can now no longer be credited, even by short-sighted apologists.

Talks on Tests

It seems probable that the meeting of scientists to discuss means of policing a ban on nuclear tests will now take place. President Eisenhower has done more than agree in principle: by appointing the US delegation he has made it unlikely that the meeting will be indefinitely put off by the relatively minor changes Mr Krushchev has now proposed. It does not greatly matter – except for purposes of propaganda – whether the venue is Geneva or Moscow, or whether it includes Indian, Polish and Czech scientists. The point is to get the meeting convened, because the late summer seems a possible moment for an agreement to suspend tests. The current US series will be over, and the British tests will be at a point where suspension would be feasible – especially if Mr Macmillan can persuade the President to do something more about sharing US test results with Britain. There certainly seems to be growing support for a suspension in the US administration. Of the three senior members of the US scientific delegation Dr Lawrence is a close colleague of Dr Teller, and a supporter of Admiral Strauss's extreme position, but the other two are more moderate. Dr Bacher was a member of the Atomic Energy Commission from 1946 to 1949, and at that time he opposed the decision to make the H-bomb. The third, Dr Fisk, is a member of the President's scientific advisory committee which, it is reported, has decided by a majority vote that it would be in the interests of the US to suspend tests if a suitable means of inspection can be devised.

Deadlock in Detroit

For the first time since the war Mr Walter Reuther is having to negotiate a new contract for his automobile workers against the background of a recession in Detroit. The contracts with the Big Three—General Motors, Ford and Chrysler—expired last week, and the proposals that Mr Reuther is now making for supplementary unemployment benefits and pensions have already been scaled down from his original demand for profit-sharing schemes: the cost of his demands is put by one motor car corporation at 60 cents an hour. This is still much more than he seems likely to secure in the present situation. Detroit has been badly hit by the recession. It has over 750,000 unsold cars on hand—about two months' supply—and the manufacturers might not mind if the union called a strike. If production were interrupted, it would permit the Big Three to clear off accumulated stocks, and to get ready for the 1959 models due later this year. The manufacturers know, moreover, that the Auto Workers' Union is in a poor bargaining position. Almost one-third of its members are now out of work, and the union has lost the income from their dues. Since the contracts expired the manufacturers have refused to deduct union dues from those still at work, and this further increases the financial pressure on the union since it will now have to depend upon voluntary dues collection. Mr Reuther has been unlucky—it is pure chance that the contracts have run out when trade is so bad.

NEXT WEEK

Summer Books Number

An enlarged issue including reviews by

WALTER ALLEN — PETER QUENNELL
C. P. SNOW — NIGEL NICOLSON
V. S. PRITCHETT — RALPH PARKER

and a new poem by EDWIN MUIR

Move in Malta

Mr Mintoff's letter to the Colonial Secretary suggesting that the five-year trial constitution be now brought into force is the first step towards reconciliation offered by either side since the break of six weeks ago. His suggestion is probably the least of the evils now open. Clearly full integration is no longer an immediate possibility. Independence was never more than a chimera; direct Colonial Office rule cannot be tolerated for long. During the five years there would be closer co-operation with Britain, but also greater responsibility for the Maltese ministers, even though there would be no representation at Westminster. This would give a breathing space in which methods of replacing dockyard activity by industrialisation could be explored and confidence renewed. From that there might be re-created the mood in which full integration can again be discussed. Mr Mintoff is to be congratulated on seeing the logic of present realities, despite the continued parsimony of the British government which is aggravated by its willingness to increase the subsidisation of Libya. As the Governor is now in London talking with the Colonial Secretary, the opportunity should be immediately grasped to follow up Mr Mintoff's initiative and get democratic procedures working once more in Malta.

Mr Lee's Tightrope

Newspaper reports that, on his return to Singapore, Lee Kuan Yew, leader of the People's Action Party, has been criticising the Colonial Secretary's tactics in last month's London discussions on the Singapore constitution should not surprise those who believe that the agreement then reached was generally acceptable to him. Mr Lee is in a delicate position. Although it can be assumed that (with the exception of the 'subversives' issue, on which the whole Singapore delegation dissented) he was broadly satisfied with the stage of advance reached in London, he has to maintain his public *persona* of militant 'anti-colonialism'. Genuinely opposed to colonial status, he nevertheless is forced to realise that the life of Singapore rests on the British connection for some years to come. He recognises too that the only sane way of ending colonial status is to persuade the Malayans to accept Singapore as a part of the Malayan Federation. At the same time one of the biggest obstacles

in the way of this solution is the continued subversion from Communist cells and secret societies in Singapore. If, as is probable, Mr Lee and the PAP secure power in the elections of next year, he will then assume the very unpleasant responsibility of repressing irresponsible violence; terrorism in the crowded alleys of the city cannot be fought with kid gloves. Mr Lee's only hope, therefore, of keeping his balance on this tight-rope, is to re-affirm his opposition to colonial status at every opportunity, to take advantage for the present of the participation of both British and Malayans in the responsibility for internal security, and to strengthen the cohesion of his own party in preparation for the criticism it is bound to face when in government.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Tunis

De Gaulle and Bourguiba

Jean Daniel writes from Tunis: When M. Pierre Benard, French Minister and Chargé d'Affaires in Tunis, delivered General de Gaulle's message to President Bourguiba, the Tunisian President is said to have remarked: 'Yes, of course. But what else has M. Benard brought? If he has nothing but cordial greetings and general expressions of goodwill, Tunisians haven't got much to hope for'. It is not many months since a friendly message of this kind would have been considered an important political gesture – especially if it came from General de Gaulle. After all, one of the basic reasons for the disquiet which de Gaulle's accession on a tide of neo-Fascist sedition has provoked, both on the French left and in North Africa, is that he was always thought to have daringly liberal views on colonial issues. There was a time when the most prominent personality to call on de Gaulle was not a right-winger, or even a Frenchman, but Bourguiba himself. In a solemn declaration the Tunisian President announced that Tunisia and Morocco were ready to accept some limitation of their sovereignty to form a Franco-North African community, in which an independent Algeria could take its place. And it was over just such a project, attributed to M. Pflimlin, that the insurrection in Algiers came into being.

Bourguiba, and most of the North African leaders, who at that time saw the future in terms of an association with France, put their faith in de Gaulle, because no one else had the personal stature to negotiate in a matter which involved the prestige of the French empire, and because he had shown that he possessed a sufficient range of vision to comprehend such a vast project. Since then, the situation has got worse and worse. The Algerian war puts out of the question any real co-operation between Tunisia and Morocco and France on the other. All those in both Tunisia and Morocco who used to advocate a policy of association with France are under a political cloud. The very idea of co-operation is considered betrayal of the Arab community – as if those who advocated it were hand-in-glove with the security forces in Algeria. It is true that this view does not stem directly from Tunisia and Morocco, where technicians and intellectuals generally put the reconstruction of their own country before their solidarity with the Algerian revolution. It is essentially a 'pan-Arab' view and it stems particularly from Egypt, which has given a good deal of help to the Algerians in their war, and has joined hands with opposition forces in Tunisia and Morocco to denounce both governments for their lukewarm attitude towards the Algerian rebels. When Bourguiba welcomed the headquarters of the FLN to Tunis, he hoped to be able to work as an intermediary between France and the Algerian rebels; but as France has drifted further and further away from Tunisia, so the Tunisians have found less and less common cause with the FLN. This, at least, was so until the frontier incidents which culminated in the bombing of Sakiet. This marked a turning-point in Franco-North African relations. Before Sakiet all sorts of things were possible which are out of the question today.

At the Tangiers conference, immediately following Sakiet, the Algerian, Tunisian and Moroccan leaders pledged one another to mutual assistance and affirmed specifically that none of them would contemplate any association with France until Algeria had gained independence. Just a year ago Bourguiba said: 'Let us work together to give Algeria independence'. Today he says: 'So long as Algeria is not independent, any association is impossible. And even afterwards, it will depend on the view of North Africa as a whole'.

Thus, since the division between France and Tunisia is occasioned mainly by Algeria, Bourguiba could hardly have been content with any message from General de Gaulle which failed to make some reference to this vital subject. The President told me this week, in the course of an interview, that the fact that de Gaulle had come to power at the demand of the extremist and racist groups in Algiers had considerably reduced his prestige-capital among Tunisians and Moroccans. As far as Bourguiba was concerned, the course of events would be clear within the next fortnight – that is to say, as soon as he could observe General de Gaulle's first steps in Algeria. Moderate Frenchmen who care about the well-being of North Africa might answer that the best than can be hoped for now is that, during the period while the Algerian war is wound up, nothing shall be done to worsen the situation or provoke further bloodshed. In that case, says Bourguiba, there is only one solution: it is that the French army withdraws completely from Tunisian territory. The Tunisians have developed an absolute psychosis about French uniform. They can no longer put up with the presence of a foreign army, even when it is confined to barracks.

The French army, in fact, is undergoing a test of discipline and patience. It would be only too glad to quit, for its situation is without precedent. In private, Tunisians will pay tribute to its good behaviour; but they cannot understand why France should wish to maintain in their country an army which serves no useful purpose, and which, since it has acquiesced in complete immobility, cannot even keep an eye on the activities of the FLN. Despite the patience and the immobility, however, the recent serious incidents in southern Tunisia illustrate the tension which exists.

Thus the minimum condition which Bourguiba lays down for a temporary normalisation of Franco-Tunisian relations, pending the settlement of the Algerian war, is a total evacuation of French troops. But the word 'total' would seem to include the evacuation of Bizerta, and it is here that the principal stumbling-block is likely to appear. Until evacuation is accepted, Bourguiba will refuse what he describes as the Franco-Tunisian *tête-à-tête* proposed by de Gaulle. After long experience of negotiating with France under the shadow of French military superiority, he discovered during the Good Offices mission of Messrs. Murphy and Beeley the advantages of negotiating through impartial arbiters. The Tunisian mouse, says Bourguiba, has been locked up for a long time with a huge French tom-cat; and now it has had a taste of liberty, it has no intention of walking back into the cage. For Bourguiba the cage will continue to exist for just as long as French troops remain stationed on Tunisian soil.

The implication of all this is that the demand for French evacuation is made relatively without bitterness: it is never addressed, for instance, to teachers or technicians. I remember last year the British Ambassador telling me that, whenever a Tunisian spoke ill of France, he had to be careful to avoid showing even the smallest sign of agreement: if he did, the Tunisian would at once spring to the defence of France. And it was the head of the American Mission who recently observed that, since all the railway tracks in Tunisia are French, cultural rolling-stock from other countries cannot be adapted for use on them. One is driven, then, to two simultaneous conclusions. The first is that General de Gaulle can chalk up a success in Tunisia and Morocco only through his Algerian policy. The second is that, following such a success, French influence would not disappear from North Africa.

Fleet Street

The Public Interest

Crime is simpler than politics. Fleet Street may have been in several minds about the death of the Fourth Republic – and who shall blame it? Honest murder bears a more familiar face. It was inconsiderate of the French to bring their crisis to its climax on the very day that Peter Thomas Anthony Manuel was found guilty in Glasgow of seven murders and sentenced to death. But although de Gaulle got most of the headlines, Manuel got more of the space. On the *Mirror*, he got the front page too – or rather most of them. The *Mirror* frequently proclaims its superiority as 'The Paper with Two Front Pages'. Faced with President Coty's summons to de Gaulle, the possibility of an extension of the London bus strike *and* the Manuel verdict it hoisted a flag on every mast head and shouted loud and long '5 Front Pages Today'. De Gaulle got one, Cousins another, and Manuel three, including what one must presumably describe as the firstest. This had a picture of him 10 inches by 7¼ inches: 'Here He Is'. The other two had another picture of him ('Women were fascinated by his compelling personality'), the house he used to live in, and the seven victims. Less prolific in front pages, the *Sketch* split the one it had between de Gaulle and Manuel: white on black '*World Scoop* The Mind of Manuel, Mass Killer'. Inside it had the best part of another three pages with '*Sketch* Man Talks to Mass Killer In Jail', with photographs of the '*Sketch* man' himself, Manuel (10 inches by 5¼ inches), the Manuel home, Manuel's sister and the book jacket of his favourite reading – 'The Killers' in Hemingway's *Men Without Women*'. There was also an interview with 'The Girl He Bought a Ring For'.

Nor did the text papers allow themselves to lag behind the tabloids in this matter. The *Daily*

Herald ('MANUEL – Killer of the Century') not only had a front page photograph 10 inches by 3½ inches (de Gaulle had to be content with one 5½ inches by 2¼ inches) but 'A *Herald* Exclusive by the Murderer's Brother'. The *Mail*, breaking new ground, had on its front page not a photograph but a 'Self portrait of a Mass Killer', a sketch of Manuel drawn by himself 'to amuse a friend's children just two months before he was arrested'. Inside these were one and a half pages on 'The Mind of a Mass Killer' and a photograph of 'Honey Blonde Christine Young who waltzed in the Arms of the Mass Murderer she knew as Toni'. She told *Mail* readers: 'I might have been a victim'. The *Daily Express* had pictures of Manuel at the ages of eight, ten, 16, 26 and on holiday at Blackpool. Its featured headline was: 'Now starts the argument. What Turns a Man Into a Killer?'

By Sunday, the popular press was tiring of Manuel: it had already turned to other educational material for the people. The *Sunday Pictorial*, in particular (it has just announced profits of £1,230,000, an increase of more than £362,000 on the previous year, which just shows how close it is to the heart of the people) felt it really had something to prove to all critics its special position in the national life – a murder confession of its very own. It has bought, for which is reputed to be a world record figure even for Sunday journalism, the 'World Exclusive' story of David Hume, who eight years ago was found not guilty of murdering Stanley Setty, a second-hand motor car dealer, but guilty of being an accessory after the fact for flinging his body into the sea from an airplane. Accessories after the fact do not normally rate all that big money but, having served eight years of his sentence and been released from prison, Hume, it appears, is no longer ready to accept a secondary role. He wants his true stature to be known. He had sold a signed confession to the *Sunday Pictorial* that he did the murder for which he was found not guilty. 'I Killed Setty . . . And Got Away With Murder', he proclaimed in the largest possible white on black across the whole of the front page of the *Pictorial* on Sunday. Journalistic enterprise has surely never gone further. Who any longer dare challenge the *Pictorial's* claim to lead all others? Next week we shall learn how the actual murder was done and after that how Hume – who having been tried on the capital charge and found not guilty can now confess with impunity – got away with it. No doubt anyone who happens to be planning a murder at this time will be glad of any tips he has to offer. Meanwhile the *Daily Sketch*, ever watchful of public morals and its own reputation, is demanding that action should be taken to 'Stop this Scandal'. It appears that the *Sketch* itself had 'a whole day' with Hume. According to its own story it decided, however, that he was 'unreliable' and 'sent him packing' – only the best murder confessions are good enough for *Sketch* readers. The *Pictorial* took a different view and the *Sketch* is very perturbed indeed. In 'the interests of the general public' (how smoothly the words came tripping) it wants proof whether Hume is or is not lying. If he is, he should be exposed. If he isn't then, although he cannot be tried for murder, he should be tried for perjury – but either way the Pictorial should not be allowed to have its 'world-exclusive'. No doubt many others with more right to speak for the public interest than the *Sketch* will feel the same.

However, crime keeps on. By Monday French politicians could be safely pushed to the bottom half of the page. And although the bus strike was still there, Alfred Hinds had escaped from prison again. We were safely back in the world of sketch maps, diagrams and special crime reporters. Life is getting back to normal.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

Was There a Choice for France?

'THE devil is never as black as he is painted', a friend of mine remarked last Sunday evening as he ran his eye down de Gaulle's list of ministers. And at first sight it is true that all the drama of the last three weeks has led to no more than a very Conservative (but not Fascist) government gathered round a leader who continues to pay lip-service to universal suffrage even while asking for special powers. Of course, continuing pressure from Algiers and the 'exceptional' conditions which de Gaulle has imposed on the National Assembly restrain his left-wing supporters from publicly expressing their relief. They confine themselves to insisting on this one proposition: their surrender was surely preferable to the alternative of civil war and the occupation of Paris by the paratroops. But was a civil war really the only alternative to de Gaulle? Or has the French Left missed a golden opportunity?

Journalists recently returned from Algiers have been able to explain the significance of one of General Massu's more mysterious threats. 'I know', he said recently in the Forum, 'that there are men among us who are spreading false news. I demand that you tell me their names and I will take care of them'. He was referring to people who, in the face of Algerian enthusiasm for an invasion of France, dared to express the idea that the rising of 13 May had gone a bit too far. They weren't men of the left – simply settlers who were rather more hard-headed than most. As soon as they saw that revolution had not broken out in metropolitan France, they quailed at the logic of government by Committee of Public Safety, which would have meant civil war. At the very moment when Paris was giving in to the blackmail of the paratroops, there were plenty of people in Algiers who were scared stiff at the thought of having to move on from words to deeds. They knew quite well that the conscripts in the army had not been very much in evidence at the 'patriotic' demonstrations and couldn't be counted on to fight against their fellow citizens. At the same time, 20,000 paratroops were not enough to occupy France. Indeed, it was a safe bet in my judgment that the first shot fired by a parachutist against a French worker would have set off a revolt inside the Algerian army composed as it is for the most part of the conscript sons of workers and peasants.

It is true that the security forces and the police in metropolitan France were not themselves too keen on opposing the Algerian rebels, and it was their warnings which apparently convinced the Minister of the Interior, Jules Moch, that he was in command of a somewhat reluctant army. But the Socialist Deputies of Nord and Pas de Calais, who have never been remarkable for their left-wing sentiments, replied to these fears by saying openly to Guy Mollet: 'If you're afraid of the paratroops and if you can't depend on the security police, arm the miners. They'll take care of you'. It was no accident that both the Algerian insurgents and the French Right insisted that the Pflimlin government should announce categorically whether it intended to arm the workers. The answer to this question was crucial to them. '*Nous sommes foutus!*', one member of the Committee of Public Safety in Algiers was heard to exclaim, when he learned during the night of 13 May that M. Pflimlin had succeeded in forming his government. And the Algerian insurrection would indeed have been scuppered if an effective government of Republican Defence had been set up in France. In that event, not even the public support of de Gaulle would have been enough to see the Algerian extremists through the hazards of civil war. Perhaps they would have tried it as a gesture of despair; but all France would have been ranged against them.

Even Guy Mollet, who has so gracefully assisted de Gaulle to a legal assumption of power, could never have sunk so low as to give way to such empty blackmail. It was not the threat of civil war that scared him, but his morbid distrust of the French working class and of the very thought of a Popular Front. The Socialist Deputies who thought they were screwing up his courage by reminding him of the readiness of the miners to fight for the Republic, unknowingly made his mind up the opposite way. There is no more terrifying nightmare for Guy Mollet than the idea of miners under arms. Indeed, if de Gaulle hadn't existed, Mollet would have had to invent him. To Mollet and those who think like him, a Popular Front is inevitably a stage on the road to Communism; and they prefer anything to that, including paratroops.

What is the origin of this belief that any mobilisation of the working class is bound to end in a victory for Thorez and Duclos? M. Mollet and his friends have a ready answer to that. They quote what happened in eastern Europe after the war. But they omit to mention that eastern Europe in 1945 was occupied by the Red Army and that under the terms of the Yalta Agreement it was made a zone of Soviet influence. France is in the American zone: there are American troops stationed on French soil; and the French Communist Party is not keen on risking a revolution which might touch off a world war. During the past weeks of crisis, the party has done everything possible to demonstrate its readiness to follow the other Republican parties, just as long as they stood up to the threat from the insurgents in Algeria and Corsica. Communist deputies voted for all the proposals of the Pflimlin government, including emergency powers in Algeria. In the committees of 'Republican Vigilance' which were organised all over France, Communists took the initiative in drafting the most moderate resolutions and offering pride of leadership to the Socialists or Radicals.

The state of mind of Mollet and his followers (as indeed of most right-wing newspapers) is indicated by their reaction to the great demonstration in Paris on 28 May. This was the most successful political demonstration since the Liberation. At the head of the immense procession marched the leading representatives of the various republican parties, including the MRP. These were followed by an impressive number of professors, teachers and students. Towards the rear of the procession, in vast numbers, came the delegations of workers. It is not surprising that professors from the Sorbonne and civil servants tend to demonstrate with more graceful manners than men in their working clothes who have come straight from the Renault works or an aircraft factory. The commentators, who were opposed to a Popular Front, had a single

and unanimous interpretation of all this: the later stages of the demonstration was entirely dominated by Communists. To listen to these people you might suppose that the words 'worker' and 'Communist' mean the same thing in France today, just as they did when, under the Occupation, Hitler and Pétain used to claim that all resistance was Communist-inspired.

If we have got to the stage where the leadership of the French Socialist Party has decided once and for all that the working-class of France is dominated by the Communist Party, and always will be, there's no point in their deceiving themselves any longer about 'solutions' to the problems of France involving de Gaulle or any other right-wing government which might follow. If they are right, a People's Democracy is inevitable for, in the end, the will of millions of industrial workers must prevail. But, in fact, this equation of 'worker' with 'Communist' is only a figment of timid imaginations. My own belief is that at present the French working class votes Communist as the lesser evil. As Aneurin Bevan once said very shrewdly, 'the Communist voters in France are simply good Socialists who can't find the leaders they deserve'.

During the recent crisis, the leaders of the non-Communist Left had a double opportunity. They could have smashed the prolonged revolt of the colonialists, which over the years brought the Fourth Republic to ruin, and they could have regained their popularity with the working class. Men like Mendès-France and the 49 Socialist Deputies who, in spite of Guy Mollet, voted against de Gaulle's investiture, understand the position well enough. It is not only pride which forbade them to surrender to the threats of the *ultras* in Algeria. It is partly because they refuse to allow the Communists to enjoy a monopoly of the resistance to authoritarian personal power.

'But,' say the supporters of Guy Mollet, 'suppose your apprehensions about de Gaulle turn out to be wrong. Suppose the new head of the French government actually succeeds in dissociating himself from the *ultras* to the extent of making peace in Algeria.' I do not myself see how a man who has come to power as a result of the blackmail of the *ultras* can in the long run follow policies which go contrary to their interests. But suppose for a moment I am wrong about this. What good is that going to do Guy Mollet? The credit for such a victory would go entirely to de Gaulle and the genuine Gaullists. To men, in other words, who are against political parties, and who have taken their chance to prove the validity of their theories and their own capacity as administrators. There would be little credit for the men who have jumped on to their band-wagon after having demonstrated for years a total incapacity for success.

Whatever the next few months may hold, the old Socialist Party, the party of Mollet and Lacoste, of the Suez war and the tortures in Algeria, the party which mistrusts the workers more than it does the extreme Right, is dead. This week, while the French Right is celebrating its victory, while prices rise on the stock-exchange and while the Conservative M. Pinay watches over the security of big investments, the French Left has one cause for consolation: Guy Mollet and his group seem finally discredited with the rank and file, and their party now has a chance to face its future struggles without the handicap of an anti-working-class fifth column. That may prove to be the most positive outcome of the 20 days which have seen the fall of the Fourth Republic.

Paris K. S. KAROL

'Saved!'

Tito and the Kremlin

THE terrace café outside the Hotel Moscow in Belgrade is a pleasant place to sit on a warm evening. The dusk comes in quickly across the Danube, and the white lights along the Marshal Tito Boulevard strike down through the trees on the crowds slowly strolling up and down. Belgrade, as they say in the despatches, is calm. Tomorrow *Borba* will publish another long polemic against Soviet 'pressure', and the foreign correspondents are already ploughing through the advance copies, trying to reduce its polysyllabic phrases to 300 words that will be intelligible in Birmingham and Boston. But now, at the next table, they are talking about a football match.

There is, of course, a crisis. But at this stage it is a crisis that primarily concerns the professionals – the politicians, the diplomats and newspapermen – rather than the ordinary people. They have come through the difficult years that followed the break with the Cominform in 1948; they have seen conditions steadily improve; and many of them confess to some feeling of relief rather than of anxiety about the new difficulties with the Russians. For there was undoubtedly a feeling that 'normalisation' of relations with Russia was increasingly one-sided: Yugoslavia was making one concession after another to Krushchev at the expense of its connections with the non-Communist world – the rupture with West Germany was the most dramatic example – and whatever official gloss may be put on this process there is little doubt that it was causing some uneasiness among the general public and even within the party organisation. When, therefore, the Communist press elsewhere launched new attacks on Yugoslav 'revisionism', it merely consolidated Tito's position. It certainly did not worry the mass of the people. 'Why should we be frightened?' a Yugoslav editor asked me. 'Ten years ago we were weak, heavily dependent upon our ties with the Soviet bloc, without friends abroad and without resources at home. Yet we managed to hold off Stalin. Now we are stronger, and we do not expect this campaign to go so far. It is unpleasant, naturally. But, you know, we are used to living with this situation'.

This seems to me a fair summary of the position. It does not, however, answer the simple question. Why has the new dispute arisen? To that, I was told, there is no simple answer. True, as I listened to the various explanations that are freely canvassed in Belgrade, I began to suspect that the full story may not even be known to the Yugoslav leaders. You have only to talk to prominent officials for a few minutes to realise that on certain crucial points they are as much in the dark as the western diplomats and journalists.

Consider some of the theories you can hear discussed in Belgrade. There is what one may call the Warsaw thesis, which derives from Sydney Gruson's despatches to the *New York Times*. This line of argument suggests that Krushchev is under pressure from diehard Stalinist elements in the Soviet leadership, backed by the Chinese, who are forcing him to go back on his effort to reach an accommodation with Tito. Then you are told that it is Krushchev himself who is concerned about a possible line-up of Tito, Kardar and Gomulka. Again, you hear it said that the Rumanians have been having a private flirtation with the Yugoslavs, and that Moscow is perennially

suspicous of anything that looks like the Tito-Dimitrov plan for a Balkan federation that drove Stalin into a frenzy. Another informant tells you that the meeting between Tito and Kadar on 29 March was 'calamitous', and that this explains Krushchev's unusually long visit to Hungary and the subsequent decision to get tough with Tito. Other people argue that Krushchev has merely been biding his time, that he has always intended to win Yugoslavia back into the fold, and that he acted at a moment when he believed that Tito had already moved so far towards the Soviet position that he was written off in the West.

I quote these speculations because they all illustrate the same point: there is no generally accepted explanation of the precise cause of the Kremlin's displeasure. Rather, no one agrees why Krushchev should have acted now, for instance, rather than last November, when the Yugoslavs refused to sign the Moscow Declaration of 'governing' Communist Parties for reasons which were the same as those given in the programme presented to the congress in Lubljana last month. But, as a member of the central committee put it to me: 'The question is primarily a matter of timing. The situation has been deteriorating since last autumn, and the Russians have been dropping hints all over the place that something was going to happen.' I agree. I cannot see why there is so much speculation about the timing. The simple explanation is, in this case, almost certainly the correct one.

Given the differences that exist between Yugoslavia and the Soviet Union, it was impossible for Krushchev to let the new Yugoslav party programme pass unchallenged. Up to that point, the differences had not been posed openly and dramatically, even if their substance was known. But once they were set out in a public document of more than 80,000 words, in which the Yugoslavs sharply criticised certain aspects of Soviet policy and defended theoretical positions that are in direct conflict with some of the basic propositions of Soviet Communism, some kind of polemic was inevitable. Krushchev remarked in answering the letter from Dulles published in this journal that he could not let misconceptions go unanswered lest his silence be mistaken for assent. When Marxist-Leninist writ is at issue, silence would be even more unlikely.

There is no mystery here: the puzzle begins when one begins to ask why this ideological difference should be a matter of such importance to Krushchev that it must be made the subject of a fierce propaganda campaign throughout the Soviet camp – a campaign, moreover, which is bound to make a Summit conference even more unlikely as the West asks why, if 'normal' relations are not possible between Russia and Yugoslavia, anyone should expect 'imperialists' to be able to co-exist happily with the Soviet Union. This is the point on which even senior officials in Belgrade are unsure, because it relates to the internal situation within the Communist bloc and not to the situation within Yugoslavia.

It is possible, however, to make several tentative conclusions. First, the Soviet anxiety about 'revisionism' is real: despite the changes and concessions in eastern Europe since Stalin's death, the centrifugal pressure that led to the events of 1956 continues to make itself felt. The only means by which this can be effectively held in check is to reassert the 'leading role' of the Soviet Communist Party and to insist that any Communist Party which rejects 'proletarian internationalism' in the Soviet interpretation will inevitably fall under the corrupting influence of the 'imperialists' – especially if its brand of Socialism is one which 'imperialists' are willing to support with economic aid denied to other Communist states.

It is clear that, in this respect Krushchev faces the same dilemma that Stalin faced. If Moscow asserts its control over eastern Europe, it sets up strains and stresses: if it relaxes its control it runs the risk that the existing strains and stresses may break loose. Though Krushchev may wish to avoid the grosser 'errors and mistakes' that Stalin made, only those who mistakenly regard him as a camouflaged Titoist in the Kremlin can imagine that, after Hungary, he would let eastern Europe slide towards the Yugoslav position. Yet, so long as a 'Yugoslav position' is tolerated, it is a standing invitation to other Communists to rationalise their differences with the Soviet leadership in Marxist-Leninist terms. The point was put bluntly by *Pravda*. Yugoslav policy, it said, 'is aimed at leading astray, and alienating, the Socialist countries, and setting them against each other'.

I believe that it is improbable that Krushchev is under pressure to pursue this line. It is his policy, and the Chinese Communists concur in it for reasons of their own. They have several grounds on which to argue for greater discipline within the bloc. They were alarmed by the results of their own brief flirtation with 'revisionism', and they are finding that rapid industrialisation is demanding a much more rigid internal policy. They are anxious lest Soviet resources be spread too thin: Moscow has heavy unfulfilled commitments in China and eastern Europe, as well as promises to such marginal claimants as India, the Arab Republic and even some South American countries. And the Chinese are pessimistic about the prospects of co-existence with the 'imperialists': they remain unrecognised; and they consider that Krushchev's successive initiatives have failed to secure any positive response from the West.

On this point the Yugoslavs agree with Peking. One prominent spokesman told me that Belgrade's relations with Moscow were an accurate thermometer for measuring the temperature of the Cold War. When the Russians are seeking to relax tension, he suggested, they are more tolerant towards Yugoslavia: as soon as the situation begins to deteriorate, they become much more dogmatic and demanding. 'During the last two years,' he said, 'we have consistently supported Soviet diplomatic initiatives, not to please Krushchev, but because we agreed with them. We regret that there has been no effective response to them from the West. Now that the international weather is getting colder again, we are the first to feel the wind from the East.'

If this analysis is broadly correct, there is no need to seek elaborate or far-fetched explanations of this dispute. Each day, however, some new aspect of it is unveiled. Until last week, the Yugoslavs had hoped that the dispute would be limited: the articles in *Borba* were pained, interrogatory, careful to stress the common ground that remained between Yugoslavia and the 'Socialist camp'. While they made no concessions on the points that Tito and Kardelj consider matters of principle – 'equality' between Socialist states, non-commitment to bloc politics, the right to accept aid from the West – they insisted that 'normal' inter-state relations were desirable as well as possible. The curt cancellation of Voroshilov's visit was ominous, but it seemed to be offset by the cordial birthday message that Krushchev sent to Tito. Then, last week, Moscow unilaterally cut off the £100m. credit promised in 1956. Economic pressure had begun.

How much difference will it make? Certainly the Communist states cannot now squeeze Yugoslavia as effectively as they did in 1948: *Borba* puts the direct cost to Yugoslavia of the Cominform blockade at a minimum of $600 millions. Today, the trade ties with Asia, America and western Europe are well developed. On the latest trade returns, less than 25 per cent. of Yugoslav exports and less than 20 per cent. of imports relate to the other Communist countries – a figure that compares with 26 per cent. of imports from the US alone. The postponed Soviet credit, moreover, was for fertiliser plants, a power station and a big aluminium installation: each of these is needed, but not needed so badly that their loss will disrupt the Yugoslav economy. There is no doubt that if this dispute drags on, Yugoslavia can weather it much more easily than before – and for that reason alone, it is unlikely that it will be carried to the ludicrous and self-defeating extremes reached after 1948. But it may prove to be a long haul. The Chinese have already published a collection of articles attacking Yugoslav revisionism: on the title page appears the significant note – Volume One.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

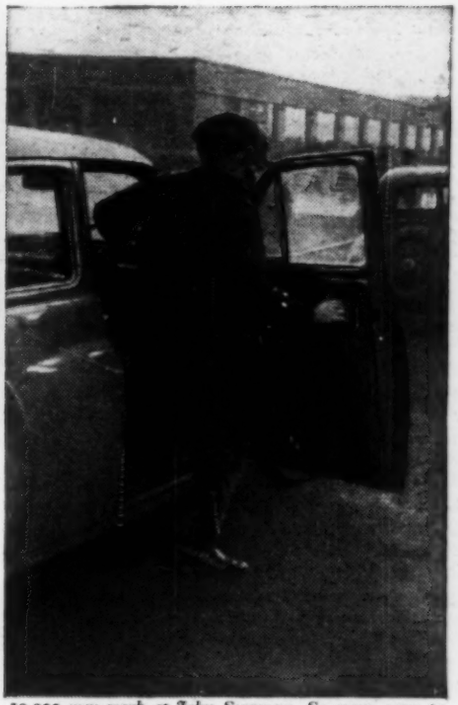
London Diary

THE parliamentary correspondent of *Le Monde* wrote that Mollet, during the two-day debate in the Palais Bourbon, looked like de Gaulle's secretary. People in Paris who know the conditions under which Mollet has become vice-premier like to explain how it happened that he sat behind the General and behaved like his personal employee. Mollet, meeting de Gaulle for the first time during this crisis, explained that he was strong enough to make the Socialist MPs vote for him, but that he thought it unwise himself to participate in the government. He thought he would be more useful if he remained the general secretary of the party and watched over its unity. But when he went to the meeting of the Socialist MPs he was surprised to find himself unable to carry it for de Gaulle. His first reaction was to call for a national council of the SFIO and to use the federations' block vote to overwhelm the parliamentary group. The discipline of the vote has usually been so strong that even in the case of German rearmament the general secretary got his way. But this time Mollet suddenly realised that this, his biggest weapon, would work against him; the three biggest federations, Nord, Pas de Calais, and Bouche Gironde, had deserted him. It was no use to him to call for a national council, and he became convinced, after he had other meetings with his executive committee and then a common meeting with the senators and MPs, that he would still fail to win over the majority of Deputies. He went to General de Gaulle again, in an almost hysterical condition, begging him after all to go before Parliament. He explained that he had done everything in his power to switch the Socialist vote and that he had only partially succeeded. The General's reply was laconic: 'All right, Mollet, I will go, but you will go with me'. This was not a proposal but an order.

* * *

The letter from M. Roussel which appears in our correspondence columns this week makes a fair criticism which, I know, represents the views of many progressive people in Paris this week. I hope with all my heart that they are right and that de Gaulle is not a French version of Hindenburg, making way for some more sinister figure. Events this week have encouraged what I still fear is a

Mr. Walter Jones is vice-chairman of the joint advisory committee at John Summers. When his health made it desirable for him to retire from the sheet finishing department (above), he was found lighter work. "We couldn't have better people to work for," says Mr. Jones.



10,000 men work at John Summers. So many come to work by car and motor-cycle that they have special labels to help the works traffic control.

In this works one man in three drives to the job

Trevor Evans, Daily Express Industrial Correspondent, went to Wales and found an inspiration—and a challenge. Pictures by Ivor Sharp

I WISH every industrialist in Britain had come with me to the steelworks by the Dee. What I saw was an inspiration. And a challenge.

There is no reason to suppose that this place, about five miles outside the boundaries of historic Chester, is out of step with the rest of the industry.

Mr. Richard Summers, the chairman of the company, was driving me through his works when I commented how odd it was to see a car park around the corner of almost every building. Finding more space for motor-cars was going to be a problem, he said. Whose cars?

10,000 acres

HE looked at me in some surprise. Why, he said, the people who work here. Then he explained that so big is this site – it stretches over 10,000 acres, though so far buildings, offices, mills, furnaces and coke ovens occupy only about one-quarter of the Summers' land – that every vehicle bears a special label to speed its coming and going through the patrolled gates.

There are 10,000 working here. Nearly one-third come to work in motor-cars or motor-cycles. I thought Mr. Summers was talking loosely, in general terms. He wasn't. Nearly 3,200 labels have been issued. New applications are coming in daily.

First hands at the furnaces frequently take home more than £30 a week. The odd one has been known to take home £40 at a peak period, and the average for all is £15 a week.

Expansion

MR. SUMMERS explained to me how the present production of 1,000,000 tons of steel, mainly in sheets for motor-cars, drums and such household goods as refrigerators and washing machines, would be up to nearly 2,000,000 tons a year in about three years' time. "We go ahead, whatever happens," he said.

I saw ample evidence of expansion for the future, even to reclaiming land from the tidal water by battering down the refuse from the plant, thus adding a bit more to Wales.

Peace

ONE of the most impressive men I met at Shotton was Mr. Walter Jones, leading member of the steelmen's union, and vice-chairman of the joint advisory committee at the works. A thoughtful, deliberate kind of man with more than 40 years' service at the plant. "We couldn't have better people to work for," he says.

Management and workers have known each other long enough. This is largely a family affair.

It was old John Summers who inspired all this. He used to make clog irons in Stalybridge, Cheshire, more than 100 years ago.

He decided to make his own nails, so he made rough steel sheets. His son, Henry Hall Summers, bought this bleak land on the banks of the Dee in the nineties of last century. And Henry's son, Richard, is now the head of the concern.

There are all sorts of joint organisations on all aspects, from production and wages, to safety and sports.

This plant, like most others in steel, has a remarkable record of internal peace. There was dispute in 1911 – between two unions. But of official strikes against the management, none at all.

What can be wrong with an industry commanding the energy and loyalty of a lifetime's service from men of pride and skill?

ISSUED BY THE BRITISH IRON AND STEEL FEDERATION

Mr. William Jones, first hand melter in the open-hearth shop, has one of the most responsible jobs in the industry—and is paid accordingly.

too easy optimism. We do not yet know whether the unexpectedly stubborn resistance of the Socialist rank and file to Mollet, the concessions de Gaulle made to parliamentary opposition, and the divisions now apparent in Algiers, have basically changed the picture. Can de Gaulle really use his authority over the army to drive a wedge between the rebel generals and the more extreme *colons* and make a settlement in Algiers and peace with Tunis? Can he also re-establish some effective form of democracy in France in spite of the bitter hatred of the Fascists, the paratroopers and the power-drunk generals? If so, his reputation will be forever established not only in France but in history. We can only keep our fingers crossed.

* * *

Michael Foot tells me that even now he has never been given any official reason for his expulsion from France. He heard a rumour even before his arrest that he was in trouble for offending a law of 1881 which forbids attacks on the French President. When he was actually picked up, finger-printed, detained and then put on an aeroplane back to England, the form which he had to fill up (over the signature of Jules Moch) referred to him as 'a threat to public order'. He assumes that his real offence was that he strongly attacked President Coty in the *Daily Herald*; perhaps his jibe about 'the perfumes of Arabia' not being able to 'sweeten the name of Coty' was regarded as particularly insulting. There is an important point here. Most Frenchmen would feel a gratuitous attack on the private life or character of the President by a foreigner much as English people would a similar attack on the Queen. But this was not the situation. Michael was present at the extraordinary occasion in the Assembly when Coty had threatened to resign unless he got his way about de Gaulle. This, Foot, in company with many other observers, thought unconstitutional, or at any rate extra-constitutional. In short he regarded Coty as having stepped down from the throne into the political arena, thereby making himself into a politician who could be criticised. The attitude of the British Embassy officials seems very odd. When the *Daily Herald* correspondent in Paris suggested to them that they should concern themselves with Foot's treatment, they seemed just not interested. I can scarcely believe this would have been their view if, instead of one of the most important of English left-wing publicists, a right-wing journalist, say Randolph Churchill, had been threatened with expulsion. Though the Embassy could not openly intervene if Michael Foot was being legally kicked out, I think that if the journalist had come from circles in which our ambassador moves, he would have intervened very actively behind the scenes.

* * *

Last Sunday's arrest and imprisonment of John Freeman and the *Panorama* team is a case of a rather different kind. It doesn't on the surface raise, as Michael Foot's expulsion does, the question of official suppression of opinion; and it doesn't in any way involve the British Embassy, which was not asked for help. Nevertheless it is a disquieting incident. A journalist carrying out professional duties normally and quietly was arrested without warning or explanation, locked up without any charge being made against him, and released at the end of four hours without apology or any explanation of what offence he was alleged to have committed. The same treatment was accorded to the producer and camera team, who were working with him, but who were at the time of the incident standing by and not engaged in filming. The affair may, of course, have been simply an instance of an overworked (and apparently anti-British) minor official behaving outrageously. If so, it's a trivial, if deplorable, episode. But until some further explanation is forthcoming, any foreign journalist – perhaps French ones too? – working in the Paris streets must feel some doubt about the extent of his freedom from police interference. De Gaulle has done well in promptly revoking the press censorship he inherited from Pflimlin. The editorial gain of uncensored newspapers would, however, be more than cancelled out if other regulations placed ordinary reporters at permanent peril in their routine collection of news.

* * *

Even racially-minded South Africans praise Christopher Gell now that he has died. For 13 years he was almost wholly paralysed by polio, and spent all but an odd hour or two of every day in an iron lung. In pamphlets, articles and letters and in the pages of his own *African X-Ray*, he fought fiercely in defence of non-European rights. The social virus which he tried so hard to kill still spreads, I'm sorry to say, beyond S. Africa. Let me give a simple, everyday type of example reported last week from South Rhodesia: Mr Patrick Matimba, an African, has a Dutch wife who was recently taken to the local European hospital after a miscarriage. She was given a ward of her own, but when her husband and daughter went to visit her at a very critical moment they were refused permission to enter the hospital. Later she was transferred to an African hospital. It is only fair to add that Mr J. M. Caldicott, Federal Minister of Health, expressed his sympathy with Mr Matimba and regretted 'that the medical superintendent did not make arrangements to fix suitable times for you and your daughter to visit Mrs Matimba without embarrassment to the other patients in the European hospital'. Unhappily Christopher Gell is not here to tell us how far Mr Matimba is consoled by the knowledge that European patients were saved from the embarrassment of seeing him and his daughter in the hospital.

* * *

I'm grateful to Lord Samuel for reminding us in *The Times* that if Graham Wallas were still alive he would now be a centenarian. Lord Samuel, of course, knew Wallas primarily through politics and he is not quite right about Wallas's connection with the Fabians, from whom he separated in 1902 over the Education Bill. Wallas was a fierce rationalist and libertarian; he used to say that he left the Fabians because they had an 'inadequate conception of liberty'. For me Wallas was the most stimulating and lovable of teachers. He had the gift of exciting the interest of students in new realms of fact which they had never thought of as 'work'. He liked to call himself a discriminating newspaper reader; he kept innumerable cuttings in boxes, and periodically turned them out to see what generalisations about society they suggested to him. The examples he selected were sometimes better than his deductions. His *Human Nature in Politics* was a pioneer book, and the lectures I remember hearing him deliver in Magdalene soon after the first world war (they made a book called *Our Social Heritage*) were something of a novelty in Cambridge. His 'political science' was alive; it had nothing to do with the logical abstractions and classifications which had been known in academic circles as 'politicial theory' from Aristotle to Sidgwick. His psychological approach to politics was certainly influentiial, but Lord Samuel is surely quite wrong in suggesting that his influence was greater than, or indeed comparable to, that of Sidney Webb or Bernard Shaw. Tougher schools of psychology were already pushing their way into political and social thought, and Wallas's hope of making an actual science out of politics seems no nearer fulfilment. He opened worlds which still remain largely unexplored. Ernest Barker once wrote of Wallas that he did 'a great deal of packing' for a journey on which he never set out. All his books were prefaces to a still unwritten book.

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

Mrs. Hardwick, bronzed by the Mediterranean sun, thoroughly enjoyed her stay at Philippeville, a few miles from Bone on the Algerian coast.

'It's a very happy revolution,' she said. 'I think the newspapers are making too much of it. It is really thrilling in Algiers, and I couldn't have been more comfortable.'—*Huddersfield Weekly Examiner.* (E. V. Ross.)

The strangest sight I saw during the Whitsun holiday was that of a young couple sitting on the grass at Hampton Court filling in an income-tax form.—Letter in *Evening News.* (D.C.R. Pugh.)

In the witness-box, the constable, Thomas Cowin, Liverpool City Police, agreed that while keeping watch for drinking after hours in the Stage Door Club at Wallasey he sang for the club patrons.

They applauded him quite well, he said.—*Daily Telegraph.* (Kar Cvonin.)

The National Anthem is, after all, the finest tune of its kind in the world, and these alien musicians should be required to treat it with respect, or leave it alone altogether. We appreciate their sardonic humour, but we are rather sensitive, and would prefer to have the benefit of it in some other form.—Letter in *Daily Telegraph.* (D. V. Ford.)

Farewell to Satire

Though Nuclear Defence is
  Unconscionable gup,
Words that have lost their senses
  We gladly gobble up;
The *Golden Rule* went sailing,
  But Fame has passed her by,
And generals blackmailing
  Are saviours from the sky –
Credulity, unfailing,
  Devours the biggest lie.

Such lies, when they parade 'em,
  No longer cause surprise –
The whopping lies of Strijdom,
  The bland Rhodesian lies,
The lie about the Aryans
  On which the Germans fed,
Or lies about Hungarians
  (When Hungary was dead)
For Russian proletarians . . . .
  Those Suez lies we read . . . .

A world too cruel for laughter,
  Too miserable to hate,
So crazy that, hereafter,
  One can't exaggerate –
Planning its own cremation
  (Plus rockets to the moon),
Leaving for lucubration
  The logic of a Goon,
Confines imagination
  To aping a baboon.

REGINALD REYNOLDS

The Prophet of Grub Street

WHEN, one autumn evening in 1945, Mr Michael Mackintosh Foot rose to make his maiden speech in the House of Commons, members, including Mr Winston Churchill, hurried from Smoking Room and Library to hear him. It was not just that here was another member of the fabulous Foot family, with its two ex-ministers and its four ex-presidents of the Oxford Union. Foot, in his own right, was one of the best known names among the new members who flooded into the House after the 1945 election.

He was known as a journalist who, having begun to learn his trade on this journal, had spent two years as the first assistant-editor of *Tribune* before launching himself into the *Evening Standard*. There, during the war while Lord Beaverbrook was otherwise occupied, he had virtually created a third left-wing journal; and when Beaverbrook returned from politics to journalism, Foot had moved on to infuse his reforming gusto into the *Daily Herald*. But even more than as a journalist, Foot was known for his part in writing the famous Gollancz Yellow Books. His *Trial of Mussolini* had brought the art of political pamphleteering back to something like its 18th century peak. Whether Foot found more delight in ravaging pre-war Toryism or in emulating such heroes as John Wilkes and William Hazlitt would be a nice calculation. The maiden speech he now delivered lived up to everything – except expectation. It was fluent, unusually controversial, graphic and pointed. Yet the House came out disappointed. One of his brothers had once dismissed him as a speaker in a single phrase: 'Michael shouts!' This maiden speech seemed to justify the comment, and from then on many parliamentarians dismissed Foot as a platform man.

Subsequently, Foot's parliamentary career developed outside the Chamber rather than in it. He was one of the principals of the 'Keep Left' group and then of the Bevanites; and, as editor of *Tribune*, he became the voice of the constituency parties, who duly elected him to the National Executive of the Labour Party. Because in these various roles he was frequently in conflict with the leadership both of his party and of some of the big trade unions, he came to be looked on as a minority-minded 'aginner', who had little to offer that was constructive – a good propagandist, of course, but rather warped and no use when it came to getting things done.

Meanwhile, Foot had launched himself into a third medium, television; and as one of the stars, first of the BBC's *In the News* and then of ITV's *Free Speech*, he was so uncompromising, so unswervingly direct that about half the viewers switched on especially to hear him and the other half switched off to avoid him. To both halves he became a national personality; but, even to the half which relished him, he seemed almost too severe. He had a wit which was as hard and bright as flint, but he seemed to lack warmth of humour; he drove a little too uncompromisingly to logical conclusions; he was a little too incorruptibly unyielding. He was passionate all right, but the feeling seemed to come from his head and not from his heart.

Each of these three appearances of Michael Foot – the platform propaganadist, the minority-minded rebel and the unsmiling fanatic for principle – is true, as far as it goes. But even when they are put together, they do not begin to make up the whole man. It is true that he relishes the big meeting, with its call for emphasis and colourful exaggeration; and he loves the ecstatic explosion of laughter and applause which sometimes greets the pointed climax of his sentences. But, though in the House of Commons he never entirely shed his platform manner, he did prove himself one of the most effective debaters. One never heard from him that dreary opening sentence, the negation of all debating – 'I do not intend to follow the Honourable Gentleman in his remarks'. Foot invariably followed the honourable gentleman's remarks, until the honourable gentlemen longed for the protection of a pill-box; and many of his minor speeches, whether on the Devonport Dockyard or on price rings in the sparking plug industry, were the product of much factual research and were so clearly argued that even members who were waiting to speak themselves listened to them with genuine interest.

It is true, too, that his natural bias is on the side of the little man against the big. But he does not attack just for the hell of it. The two forces which drive him are a passionate belief in the necessity for Socialism and a passionate belief in the efficacy of public discussion as a catalyst of truth. And it is because he has felt that the Labour Party and the TUC have tended to be faint-hearted about the one and to suppress the other that he has so often attacked them. The attacks are positive, in favour of bold freedom; not just negative against timid bureaucracy. For Foot is a builder as well as an iconoclast. No man could guide a Socialist weekly through a series of financial crises, no man could administer a great London evening newspaper, unless there was a constructive side to him.

It is also true that because of his delight in argument Foot often publicly indulges in dogmatic assertion and in acid repartee, which stretches logic to an exaggerated conclusion. But the picture this habit evokes of a bitter, unyielding fanatic is mainly false. When he genuinely thinks that he is right, he will give way neither to Hugh Gaitskell nor to Aneurin Bevan; but though any serious issue at once arouses his instincts on one side or the other, he is always ready in private to listen to and weigh arguments which may prove his instincts false. His latest book, *The Pen and the Sword*, suggests that he began by looking on Swift as his hero, but that the facts which he eventually acquired through patient research led brain to overrule instinct. However unyielding he may choose to appear on the TV screen, in private, except over his twin beliefs in the virtues of free speech and of a Socialist community, he is open to argument. And there is no personal bitterness in him at all.

Michael Foot may sometimes see himself as a latter-day Tom Paine, fighting passionately for the rights of man, for rights that go beyond race or position or creed. But he is also a latter-day Robert Blatchford, who inside the picture of world-wide justice, sees the narrower picture of a Merrie England. Playing cricket on a village pitch, standing for four hours at a Cup Final with his 3s. 6d. ticket, climbing, round-shouldered but bright-eyed up the slope to the Plymouth Argyle football ground, drinking beer in pubs, dining

well in restaurants, he warms Paine's belief that equality is just with Blatchford's notion that it is also gay. He suffers acutely from asthma but there is nothing desiccated about him: except in personal pride, he is full-blooded in everything he does and says. And that, for all his dedication and conviction, prevents one from describing him just as a saint. His fierce hatred of tyranny – whether Communist, Fascist or plain bureaucratic – his contempt for humbug, his deep, nostalgic attachment to his ancestral roots in the West Country, his delight in contact with other human beings and the warm affections he can show, are all far removed from the jejune austerities which sainthood seems to imply. Yet he is a 'Holy Man', a Mullah keeping his tribe up to the Faith, a lean and hungry prophet in the wilderness, with dusty sandals and disregarded clothes, telling his people of the coming of the Lord, and telling the Lord to hurry up. A Quixote, who sometimes mistakes windmills for enemies and mountebanks for friends, he has also the spark of divine passion which raises men sometimes to the stars.

The Doctor's Dilemma

RECENTLY there has been yet another illustra- of the dilemma in which doctors are placed by the ambiguities of the law on abortion, and by reason of which, if they miscalculate in all good faith, they may find themselves standing in the dock. Pleas for a clarification of the law have repeatedly been made and consistently ignored. The Birkett Report in 1936 and the report of an inter-departmental committee set up in 1937 were attempts to sift a mass of often conflicting evidence. But although they provided the basis for a rational reassessment, no use was made of the findings of either body. A private member's bill introduced in 1953 failed to receive a second reading, and since then the question has been shelved.

If the only reason for reforming the law were to ease the burden placed on the medical profession, it could be argued, there are more urgent claims on parliamentary time. After all, a doctor can always solve his practical problem – if not the dilemma of his conscience – by taking no action. But this does not solve the problem that confronts the community. The practical effect of this attitude – for which the individual doctor can hardly be blamed – is not to diminish the number of abortions, but to allow them to remain needlessly dangerous. Estimates suggest that something like 200,000 illegal operations are performed every year in this country, and the average number of prosecutions is 50. Apart from the risk to life, it is certain that a high proportion of these operations cause permanent damage to health. Even if it is thought that abortion is always morally wrong, no legislation can be devised that will stop it. All that legislation can hope to accomplish is to lessen the menace of the back-street abortionist, but surely that is a worth-while aim.

English law derives from a theological belief about the moment when the soul first enters the body of an unborn infant. Before 1803, for example, abortion was punishable by death if done at the time of quickening. If the embryo was destroyed after its movements had been felt by the mother, the law treated the operation as a capital crime. In 1861 the law was extended to cover the case of a woman who attempted to procure her own abortion, whether successful or not. The maximum penalty for the mother is life imprisonment – though this is no longer inflicted, and prosecutions are directed mainly against the abortionist. Apart from preserving the actual life of the mother, no allowance was made for anything resembling therapeutic abortion until 1929, when the Infant Life (Preservation) Act was passed to close a gap in the criminal law which had till then, by inadvertence, permitted the killing of a child that was, so to speak, half-born.

The right to a therapeutic abortion in special circumstances was not recognised until *Rex v. Bourne* in 1938. Mr Aleck Bourne, one of the leading gynæcologists of his day, had terminated the pregnancy of a 14-year-old girl who had been raped by several soldiers. He informed the authorities of his action, and they were compelled to put him on trial, but he was acquitted. Public sympathy was whole-heartedly with him. The implication of his case was that the *mental* as well as the bodily health of the mother could be taken into account. And, possibly of greater import, danger to life was now considered to include danger to health.

This was a rational and humane concession, but from the doctor's point of view it is not so satisfactory as it looks at first sight. No new legislation had been introduced. Each case had still to be considered on its individual merits. Consequently an element of uncertainty remained, and both doctors and police are still required to bear a responsibility which is unfair to them. That the police interpret the law with common sense is shown by the small number of prosecutions. Their special target, rightly enough, is the back-street abortionist; but even so, they only succeed in catching a negligible number. Thus the illegal abortionist plies his lucrative trade, while the medical man who is honestly convinced that a woman's health may be gravely jeopardised by pregnancy may have his considered opinion rejected by a jury of laymen. Their verdict may smear his reputation and even send him to prison.

It is true enough that to widen the meaning of 'health' to include mental illness leaves a loophole for the unscrupulous. But the ethical standards of the medical profession are high. If doctors are not to judge when an operation or the administration of a dangerous drug, for example, is necessary, who else is qualified to do so?

Mental ill-health is often more difficult to define than physical disease, but it is real enough. Unfortunately, in the present state of knowledge, it is extremely hard to make an accurate forecast of its development. With considerable experience in dealing with cases of mental illness, I must frankly admit that I still cannot predict that a total breakdown is inevitable. Many women who dread the consequences of pregnancy and would do anything to avert them undergo an unexpected change of attitude at a later stage. For reasons no one can divine in advance they suddenly adjust themselves to their situation. No one, psychiatrist or otherwise, can confidently predict that a woman who threatens to commit suicide will really go through with it. He may recommend no action and then learn that he was wrong and she really has carried out her threat. No blame will then attach to him; but if he makes the mistake in the opposite direction, he is liable to prosecution.

There is a double price to pay for refusing to remedy this unhappy state of affairs, since both child and mother are its victims. At present we deliberately create many of the evils that we deplore. We multiply tragedies and then devise an elaborate social machinery to cope with them, whereas many of them could be prevented by simple amendments to a law which is no longer in harmony with modern belief.

There is one objection, however, that troubles many people who would otherwise welcome such a reform. They fear that to make abortion easier would be to jeopardise the health of women who took advantage of the new freedom. They cite the examples of Russia and Japan. Let me make it quite plain that I do not for a moment advocate the use of abortion instead of contraception as the normal method of family planning. On the contrary, abortion should be regarded as a last resort. In the first flush of the Revolution, the Soviet Union made facilities for abortion too easy. This was changed, ostensibly because the consequences were found to be harmful to health. It should be remembered, however, that the Soviet Union subsequently discouraged birth control since government policy was to increase the population. We must be chary of drawing conclusions from the Russian experiment.

Japan, on the other hand, has such a desperate need to check the growth of its population that the government has been driven to permit both abortion and contraception. It is quite understandable that the authorities should be disturbed that so many Japanese women should prefer the former. Abortion, as I have emphasised, is not a suitable substitute for birth control; and, when effective contraceptives are available, the need for it should not arise. The experience of the Scandinavian countries demonstrates that, when abortion is performed with proper safeguards, the adverse effects on women's health are usually negligible. This is also the verdict of the new Kinsey Institute Report (*Pregnancy, Birth and Abortion*, Harper & Brothers, 1958). It accords with my own view that the risks of therapeutic abortion have been grossly exaggerated by its opponents.

There is, of course, an element of risk in many operations, but this has to be weighed against the consequences of taking no action at all. From the social point of view, we are faced with a choice between two evils, and to bring the abortion law more into line with modern feeling seems to me a lesser evil than to continue the existing confusion. On the opinion of two or more doctors, given in good faith, it should be permissible to terminate a pregnancy (1) if the mother is below the age of 16; (2) if she is the victim of rape; (3) if there are reasons to expect genetic deformity; (4) if serious mental or physical breakdown is threatened.

I do not think it would be practicable for any supplementary or prior safeguards to be imposed, apart from medical consultation. It should be a sufficient safeguard against abuse if every case were notified after the operation. There would then be an official record of therapeutic abortions, just as there is of births and deaths and certain diseases.

It is not sufficient to give general sanction in cases where a woman's health (mental or physical) would be seriously endangered if pregnancy ran its full term. If that were the only requirement no help could be given to a psychotic or mentally deficient mother, since it might be contended that her mental health could not possibly be made worse. This entails the recognition of a new principle – the welfare and not merely the bare survival of the child. And we cannot dissociate the well-being of the individual, whether mother or child, from the well-being of society as a whole.

EUSTACE CHESSER

Schweppshire LADS

J. R. B. D. PENNIWELL

The story of J. R. B. D. Penniwell, the actor, has a happy ending, though it is not generally known what this is. His early training admirably suited him for the stage. With parents in Simla, a great-aunt who was a Lady-in-Waiting, and a prep school overlooking the exact right piece of the East Sussex coast, it was not surprising, with his initials, that he played cricket during his year at Cambridge for the Ice Cream Cornets; though his total name more closely suggests his secondary aspiration, which he achieved when he played lawn tennis—actually men's doubles, if rather base line—in the first County meeting after the War.

Obviously destined for straight stuff, he was offered, after 6 months' training in Basic Movement at the Boltons Academy, a part at the Haymarket Theatre, where he appeared in the last five minutes of *Murder by Proxy* as the very sound young man who in fact actually did it.

He was so sound and young over such a long period that he was asked to be sound in Beverly Hills where he rented a house, a replica in stucco of the cottage of a Normandy fisherman which his agent advised him to convert into an imitation of a Somersetshire tithe barn.

But as time passed it seemed to him that he was becoming so generally recognised that nobody ever actually remembered his name, and it made him discontented. He suffered from irrational fits. He took a dislike to his stage friend Overman, who though totally unsound had been born practically in the wings of the Old Marquess Music Hall, O.P. side. He made attempts to do unsuitable things. He took the part of Kant in a Third Programme dramatised biography of this philosopher. But it was not until he played the part of King Lear for six weeks at the Coldmarsh Repertory Theatre, at a salary of £4.15 a week that he was genuinely mentioned in the Sunday newspapers, and finally accepted not only as an actor, but as a man whose blood, besides being blue, reeked of grease paint as well.

Written by Stephen Potter; designed by George Him

SCHWEPPERVESCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH

A Trip to Marseilles

It was off season in Paris. It was the sort of time when anybody who lived there left or lost face, and the only thing to do was to change one's quarter. Paris, in July, becomes thick with heat, drink goes to your head, the fountains dribble, and you dream of woods, mountains and seas. The only trouble was money. I had no money. I hadn't seen the stuff for months. The people I knew in Montparnasse spoke about it with bated breath and talked about distant relatives who had once had it, but lost it. My only contact with the wonderful, mythical material was a man called Judd Blossom, who produced it at odd intervals, invited me out to eat, and even gave me some of it.

Blossom was a strange, tall man who had lost his memory. He had lost it somewhere in 1930 and could remember nothing before that time, except wine years and recipes for curry. Deep down under his eyes there was a great fever of thought, but he blotted it out by constantly reading newspapers. There are more newspapers in Paris than anywhere else, and he read everyone of them, including the matrimony announcements and advertisements for sleeping partners. When he had finished the newspapers he listened carefully to people's conversation and corrected dates and proper names. Provided they were after 1930.

One day, during the hot, empty season, I met Blossom seated at his usual café reading a massive bulletin of the National Society of French Railways. He had already got to 'Operation of Branch Lines', and was checking with a railway timetable. 'Six mistakes already,' said Blossom, ordering me a drink. 'Do you think we could go South?' I asked him suddenly. 'Why?' he asked. I knew it was no good saying that Paris was dead, that one wanted trees and honeysuckle. You had to give Blossom an idea of activity. 'To paint landscapes,' I said. 'Landscapes,' cried Blossom, 'but I thought you were writing a book. And before that you were going to sing.' 'Landscapes,' I said, and I meant it. 'Very well,' said Blossom; 'where do we go?' 'There is a train at ten past six to Marseilles,' I said. 'Thirteen minutes past six,' corrected Blossom, referring to the timetable.

We set off and arrived in Marseilles, and stayed in a small hotel near the port. It was hotter than Paris; there wasn't a tree in sight, and there was more noise in the place than in any other 15 towns of the Mediterranean put together. Even the flies deafened you. But Blossom was quite content, because he was an expert on shell-fish and sea-food, and we practically lived on sea-urchins, octopus and jelly-fish. Three times during the first two days he sent his plate back for incorrect nomenclature, and delivered a short lecture on *Beches-de-mer* to the head-waiter. 'What about your painting?' he said, one morning. 'I have no paints,' I said. He bought me some and some brushes and canvases, and we went off to the old port.

The Vieux Port was more what I had bargained for in leaving Paris. There was a smell of the sea and rotting wood and ancient shell-fish and sea-gulls balancing themselves against a mistral wind. We sat down in a café and Blossom bought 12 newspapers and began reading. We were surrounded by American and English tourists, nearly all of them with cameras, looking terribly spruce and businesslike against the foundering, romantic background of the old port. I drank Pernod and gazed at the fishing boats. 'Aren't you going to paint?' said Blossom suddenly. 'Yes, certainly,' I said with a start, unwrapping the canvases and opening the paint-box. I had never painted before in my life, and didn't know what to do, but I began mixing colours together and applying them to the canvas. Finally it was evening, and luckily I could stop. The lights flickered up in the houses and we decided to go for a stroll.

At that time the old port was a thriving centre of touristic lubricity – and was crammed with houses of joy and shady cinemas, drug dens and apache cafés. The shady cinemas ran strange old-fashioned silent films, and sound accompaniment was provided by appropriate shouts and screams from the elderly female operators. The operators were sometimes even applauded by the drama-loving members of the French audience, and on special occasions tipped. Terrible figures emerged from the drug-dens and collapsed on the street, and one could hear distant revolver shots. Fights broke out every five or ten minutes. Seeing a French policeman standing impassively on the pavement listening to the passionate shouts of the film operators, I asked him why he did nothing about it. 'I shouldn't take it too seriously if I were you,' said the policeman calmly; 'most of this is staged by the Marseilles Bureau of Tourism, and, if there are any real murders, it's only a very small percentage, hardly enough to worry about.'

We went on walking, and as we were passing some sort of night-club, Blossom stumbled over something on the ground, steadied himself and we both looked down. It was a body. I was all for passing on, remembering the Marseilles Bureau of Tourism; but Blossom stayed where he was, gazing down. The corpse had the face of a middle-aged man. 'My God,' cried Blossom, 'I knew the man. I knew him. I must have something to drink.' We almost ran to the nearest café and ordered brandy. 'When did you know him?' I asked Blossom. 'In 1929,' he answered with a groan, putting his head in his hands; 'it's all come back.'

We had been sitting there for about half an hour, when a party of people came into the café and sat down. I was horrified to see that one of them was the very man we had just seen as a corpse. There was a bandage around his head. 'It's Eddie Crutchley,' said Blossom. 'I remember everything.' He jumped up, hand outstretched. 'Eddie,' he said. But the man stared through him with dazed eyes – not a flicker of recognition.

'Mr Crutchley has had a motor accident,' said one of his companions. 'Concussion. I'm afraid he's lost his memory.'

ANTHONY CARSON

The Arts and Entertainment

The Engineer as Prophet

Naum Gabo's new 80ft-high monument in Rotterdam must be among the largest pieces of modern sculpture in the world. It was made, under the artist's supervision, by Dutch shipbuilders. And indeed, it looks rather like the skeleton of a ship's prow pointed at the sky – a space ship? It consists of four golden steel and transparent plastic members which soar 80ft upwards from the four corners of the black plinth. As they go upwards they twist on themselves and turn through 90 degrees, so that the space they frame is – very roughly – like a boat, or a pointed seed pod. In the bottom half of this space is another construction of black steel branches, this time connected by membranes of thread. Like all Gabo's modern constructions, it is an abstract work, although in the hand-out it is said to symbolise the Tree of Life.

Light, transparent, apparently weightless, poised to flower or launch itself, it is obviously a structure which is the result of great engineering skill and the talents of a born designer – of a man who has an intuitive understanding of the potentiality of his materials, and who can visualise any structure from every point of the compass simultaneously. In other words, it is no small feat. But is it, as Sir Herbert Read suggests* 'an image of universal beauty'?

Let us try to find a way round the sheer cliff face of absolutes by considering in more detail the history of such sculpture. Today, Gabo, who was born in Russia 68 years ago, still calls himself a Constructivist, and he made his first tentatively Constructivist works in wood, in 1915. The theory on which these were based was developed during the early years of the Revolution, and was then proclaimed in the *Realistic Manifesto*, published in Moscow in 1920, and written by Gabo and his brother Antoine Pevsner.

Originally Gabo was trained as an engineer, and this gives us a clue to the nature of the theory of Constructivism. The theory is that the sculptor, instead of being concerned with the mass and surfaces of forms in nature, should reveal and make explicit their engineering and mathematical principles of construction. Thus, the Constructivist, like Pollaiulo or Signorelli, becomes a kind of anatomist, not this time in terms of bones and muscles, but in terms of the diagrammatic 'grid' of those structural forces which allow a form to take the particular shape it does. The first Constructivist works dealt with specific subjects – a head or a torso. But because the laws of statics and dynamics are universal, they quickly became general demonstrations of structural possibilities, and therefore abstract works.

As often happens, however, the theory does not in itself fully explain the ensuing works, or the spirit behind them. It is very important to understand that Constructivism was born of the revolutionary fervour and hopes of its time. Gabo says that he was politically 'neutral' during the Revolution, and had little to do with the Bolsheviks. But, despite this, he believed that what was happening in 1920 was,

> the blossoming of a new culture and a new civilisation with their unprecedented-in-history surge of the masses towards the possession of the riches of Nature. . . .

It was revolutionary expectation and hope which led the Constructivists to connect art with science (in times of despair the opposite happens), to use new materials demanding new techniques (Gabo was using plastics in 1920), to oppose the idea that art should supply a refuge for the privileged, to reject the romantic cult of the artist's personality, and above all, to think

---

* *Gabo.* By Herbert Read and Leslie Martin. *Lund Humphries.* £4 4s.

"It is a sign of the efficient organisation that it endeavours to see things both as they are— and as they will be."

SIR ERIC BOWATER

EXTENDING a welcome to a well-attended meeting of shareholders held on May 29 at The Royal Festival Hall in London, Sir Eric Vansittart Bowater, the Chairman, said: I believe our decision to hold the Annual General Meetings of The Bowater Paper Corporation Limited and of Bowater-Eburite Limited on the same day and in the same building will commend itself to you, for the interests of these two entities, and therefore of their respective shareholders, are closely interwoven.

Commenting on the 'almost revolutionary change' which had taken place in the economic climate of the world, Sir Eric said that the Bowater Organisation had not escaped the consequences of the adverse influences. Despite that, the account of the year's operations might perhaps be regarded by the shareholders of both their great companies as being gratifying in the circumstances.

NO CHANGE OF PLANS

He continued: It is not our intention to abandon any of our carefully planned development projects, for it remains our firm belief that the products they are planned and designed to manufacture will be required towards meeting the demand from our customers, present and prospective, throughout the world, which increased demand we are confident will certainly develop. Our development programmes have been rephased and retimed to fit more nearly into the forward position as we see it today.

The merger with Bowater-Eburite Limited is a matter of the greatest possible moment in the history of the several interests now happily united. That company now clearly emerges as an industrial enterprise of first-class standing in the fast-growing packaging industry.

Bowaters United Kingdom Pulp and Paper Mills Limited aggregate production was the highest so far attained; nevertheless the continued upward trend of costs of production and shrinking profit margins had their adverse effect.

SALES AT RECORD LEVEL

After reviewing the group's overseas interests, the Chairman continued: The Organisation recorded in 1957 its highest level of production and turnover. Sales were at the record level of one hundred and two and a half million pounds and trading surplus exceeded seventeen million pounds, approximately one million pounds above the previous record level achieved in 1956.

Reviewing items in the Consolidated Balance Sheet, Sir Eric said: The cumulative total expenditure incurred at the date of the accounts on capital investments none of which had then been completed, and, therefore, had not reached the revenue-earning stage at that date, was nineteen million pounds. At the year's end outstanding capital commitments were estimated to amount to eighteen million pounds. The completion of some of these projects will be spread progressively over the next five or six years.

In the course of his comments on world affairs generally, the Chairman said: I am of the opinion that the boom which, since the war, the Western world has enjoyed almost continuously is over, and in my belief we must regard the present as being a return to more normal times and conditions of trading, and perhaps this is not all to the bad. It is a sign of the efficient organisation that it endeavours to see things both as they are and as they will be.

THE CENTURY OF INTERDEPENDENT MAN

We must remember that the activities of a big corporation are set in a world scene that comprises eighty nations ranged in competing groups, and that British and American industry in general, of which we form an integral part, is dependent upon the whole world. We live in the century of interdependent man. Surely the technical resources of the West, which have already done much for underdeveloped countries, should be applied with even greater vigour and leadership if our equipment, materials and know-how are permanently to raise the standards of living of the uncommitted peoples. It is an old British belief that it is better to flourish goods than guns, and in the present struggle of conflicting ideas paper is one of the vital weapons against ignorance and poverty.

COMPLETE CONFIDENCE IN INDUSTRY'S FUTURE

In our belief the present slackening in the growth in demand is of a temporary nature. Nothing that has occurred in recent times gives grounds for supposing that the long-term outlook for paper and board is anything but good. Over the long term the demand for these products has shown a steady upward trend, resulting from increasing populations, higher level of literacy and ever improving standards of living throughout the world, together with the constant development of new uses for paper.

I am no pessimist in regard to our affairs or those of our industry generally, nor would it seem, judging by their recent statements, are the leaders of our industry in North America.

I hope I have succeeded in making it abundantly plain that we continue to have complete confidence in the future for our industry, and, therefore, of your Corporation.

The reports and accounts were adopted.

Bowaters

THE BOWATER ORGANISATION · GREAT BRITAIN
CANADA · UNITED STATES OF AMERICA · AUSTRALIA · SOUTH AFRICA
REPUBLIC OF IRELAND · NORWAY · SWEDEN

Stockholders will automatically receive copies of the complete speech by Sir Eric Bowater. Others who are interested may obtain copies from: The Secretary, Bowater House, Stratton St., London, W1

in terms of a new, rational, scientific society. The *Realistic Manifesto* ends:

> Today is the deed.
> We will account for it tomorrow.
> The past we are leaving behind us as carrion.
> The future we leave to the fortune tellers.
> We take the present day.

The materialism, the confidence, the sense of historical destiny implied in those words, all arise from a revolutionary spirit. But – and this is the critical point – Gabo and his friends conceived of the revolution not in terms of politics and economics, but in terms of mechanics and engineering. The fundamental idea behind Constructivism is that of the engineer as a prophet, the idea of the engineer as an independent revolutionary.

In 1922, because his art was disapproved of by the Soviet Government, Gabo left Russia for Germany. He later came to England, and now lives in the United States. The West accepted him as an artist and allowed him to build his reputation. But the social and cultural climate in which he now worked was in marked contrast to that in which Constructivism was born. His works were treated as a new kind of *objet d'art*. His projects for electrical fêtes, radio stations, towers, remained projects. The Rotterdam commission was the first he received for a really large public monument. When I was in Rotterdam I met the man who commissioned him. This is what he told me.

After the war the Bijenkorf company wanted to build a new store in the centre of the new Rotterdam. They chose the most propitious site. They then discovered that the city planners were insisting that the open corner of the proposed building must project outwards, in a small pepper-pot bay – so as to keep the street line symmetrical in relation to the one surviving old building which similarly projected out into the street. The Directors were in despair. Either they would have to sacrifice the best site in the city, or they would have to comply with the planners, and so lose the whole compelling corner perspective of their show-windows. It was then that the man whom I met told the rest of the Board to take the site whatever the conditions, and he would find a solution. He thought hard. What was the problem? There had to be a projecting structure to satisfy the planners, yet somehow this structure must not destroy the show-window perspective. Suddenly, this man, who is very interested in modern art, remembered the Constructivists. Had they not said, 'We deny volume as an expression of space . . . we reject solid mass as an element of plasticity'? A Constructivist could fill the space, and yet, 'rejecting solid mass' not hide the show-windows! And so Gabo was approached and commissioned.

I then asked this patron why the store itself – designed by Marcel Breuer – had no windows above street level, why inside, except in the restaurant, it was entirely enclosed. The answer was as frank as the explanation about Gabo: Because we find that commodities sell better under artificial light! Is it surprising that Gabo wrote to Sir Herbert in 1944, 'I try to guard in my work the image of the morrow we left behind us in our memories and forgone aspirations, and to remind us that the image of the world can be different'? It is the West that has demonstrated how the initial faith of the Constructivists was an inadequate one. The West has great machine skill and great engineering resources, but these have not led to a rational society. A skilful architect is employed to hypnotise buyers: a brilliant designer to make a gimmick to get round a town-planning restriction.

But how does all this help us to assess Gabo's Rotterdam monument – or, for that matter, his life's work, of which in a sense it is the culmination? Fundamentally, there are only two types of man-made beauty: the beauty which expresses function, and the beauty which expresses hope – the latter being found in the impulse that is behind even a tragic work of art. The aesthete tries to separate both types of beauty from what they express, but in so far as he succeeds, he has to live in an entirely passive and contemplative world of his own, denying cause, effect, and history. Constructivism was born, as I have tried to show, in an atmosphere of specific hopes. The early Constructivist works were mostly not functional, they were sculptural images only; but the hopes they expressed were the hopes aroused by the new functional possibilities of science and engineering for an industrially backward country in a time of revolution.

Had Gabo and the other Constructivists been encouraged and supported in the Soviet Union, my guess is that their work and their attitude to it would have changed considerably. As the hopes which their works conveyed became practical and realisable, as machine products became as subtle as their own hand-made Constructions, they would probably have felt that it was logical for them to become functional designers themselves: or else they would have been moved as artists to extend and make more explicitly human the hopes they were expressing. The engineer prophets now are those who are making Sputniks.

The tragedy is that Gabo – among many other artists – decided to become an emigré. He did not understand the Revolution as a whole, and the Revolutionaries failed to understand his partial contribution. It remains a tragedy – and will do so until both parties admit it to be such. Like many emigrés, Gabo probably tended to cling to the ideas he brought out with him, as though they were part of his homeland. But what finally prevented his development or evolution as an artist was, I believe, the contrast between the cultural and social atmosphere of the West, and the original spirit of Constructivism. This bitter contrast, combined with his exile, made him feel increasingly isolated. He withdrew into himself and began to shield his theories with a static form of idealism.

And so, Gabo's work, which once had a specific meaning in a particular situation, did not develop with the situation, and consequently its meaning has become vaguer and vaguer. I asked many people in Rotterdam what they thought of the monument. Most of the middle-aged did not like it. Most of the young – of all classes – did, and all gave the same reason: 'It's part of the modern world'. But when I questioned them further I discovered that what they meant was that they felt about this work of art as they would feel about the most up-to-date exhibit or model in a science museum. Soon history will outstrip Gabo's technical prophecies as it can never outstrip a direct expression of human hope.

If the Rotterdam monument were a jet plane mounted on its tail, would you, Sir Herbert, still call it 'an image of universal beauty'? And if not, isn't the only difference – for both are finely designed – that the Gabo, unlike the jet plane, is useless?

JOHN BERGER

Low Life

MR JOHN MOODY of the Bristol Old Vic is not easily put off if he likes a play well enough to want to do it. His present choice, *The Pier*, by James Forsyth, for instance, requires about a dozen changes of scene, and all the size and technical resources of a Drury Lane. But with the co-operation of his ingenious resident designer, Mr Patrick Robertson, he stages it both efficiently and effectively. The action takes place on and around the pier of a seaside resort and, with his drop curtains and his backcloths, Mr Robertson imposes very forcibly on us an image of the structure with its black girders and struts thrusting out into the sea. It seems a likely enough hang-out for a gang of teddy boys.

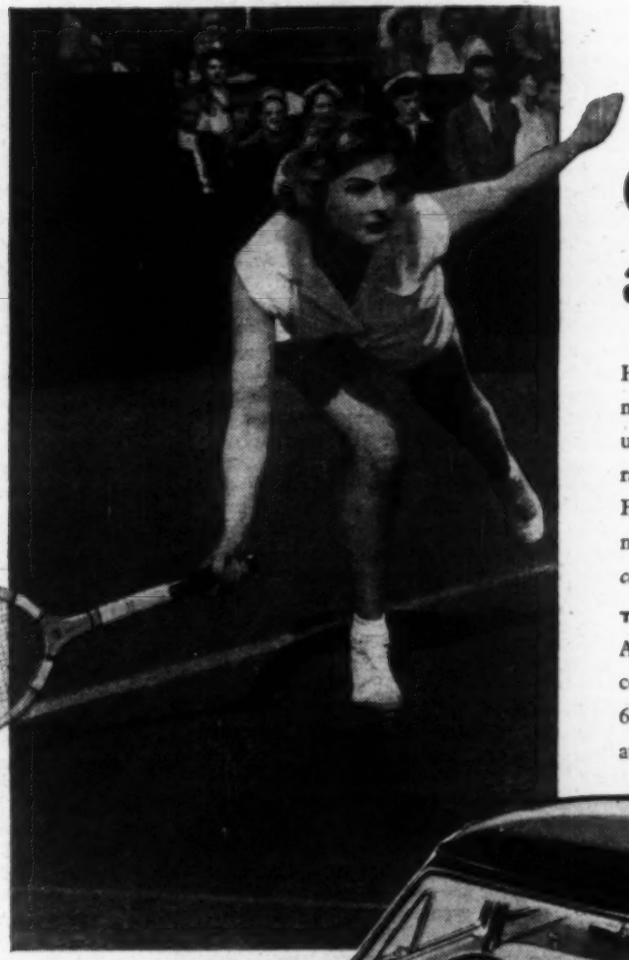
And it is such a gang that forms Mr Forsyth's subject. I have the impression that Mr Forsyth was trying to tell us more about this species than he succeeded in getting over, or than I succeeded in picking up. The surface story was fairly conventional melodrama. The gang get ready to beat up their leader's girl friend; for she has broken a cardinal rule by dating someone else. She is rescued by a young man who has just drifted into town that day. The fickle gang change their allegiance to this new leader, and the old leader attempts revenge on the new. And this leads to a spectacular chase-and-shoot-it-out ending that would do credit to an English film.

But it wasn't presumably, to give Mr Moody the chance to show off his virtuosity as a director that Mr Forsyth wrote *The Pier*. Somehow his theme of violence springing from lack of love is illustrated rather than illuminated. Such things as the play shows us – slashings, stabbings, shootings – happen, as we know. And it is a relief to be spared the preaching, to be let off the slick solutions and the textbook psychologising. It is a relief to be told without comment. And yet, ungrateful always, we feel that the total effect should work on us more than this does. Perhaps only the scarifying documentary approach would do it, with charply real detail piled on saarply real detail. Too many incredibilities, here, to come between us and belief. The plot for one thing – over contrived. The actors for another – they were a very elderly gang. Mr Richard Harris as the new leader brought off a stylish piece of English method, a native Marlon Fonda, all grunts, hesitations, bitten-back sentences. But it was really the producer's night.

With *The Party*, at the New Theatre, the question is whether the pleasure of seeing Mr Charles Laughton once again is outweighed by the disappointment of the play he is appearing in. It is so admirable a gesture in a star actor to encourage a new play by a new author that it seems churlish to complain. And in *The Party* Miss Jane Arden does show a lively theatrical talent of a kind. But it is a second-rate, sentimental kind with little or no truth or reality at the heart of it.

The alcoholic father who comes out of his home a day too early, and ruins his daughter's birthday for her, looked for one interesting moment as if he were going to be a refreshingly different sort of drunk who would turn on the abstainers and reclaim them from their timidities and fears. And you can imagine how genially and expansively Mr Laughton relished this aspect of his character. But the moment passes all too soon, and we are back in the world of romantic fiction where pure little girls and self-sacrificing Mums are quite unbelievably able to reform the drunks. Nothing can make the play credible. But Mr Laughton does give it a great shot of surrogate life which deceives us into thinking it exists – as long as he is there.

T. C. WORSLEY

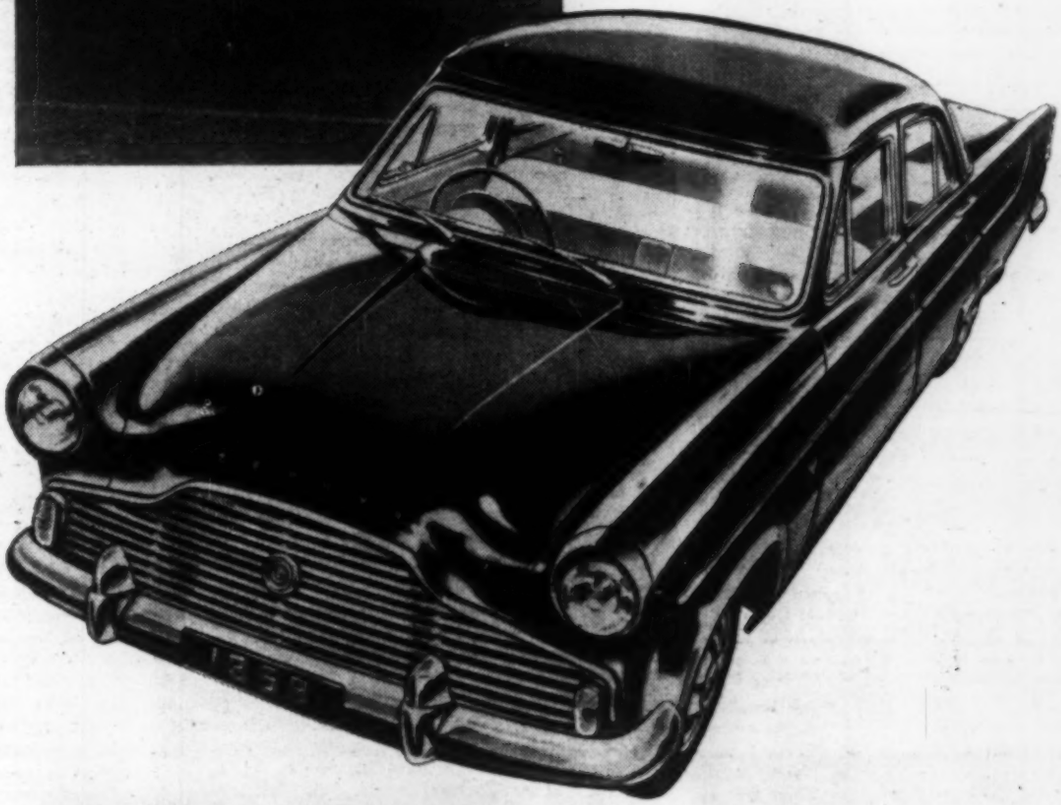


Game, set and match!

Hand Ford the winner's trophy for *economical* motoring. Add up the points—low initial cost and unique value for money, special low insurance rates for Ford owners, low running costs with Ford, *uniform-priced* service, high resale value... no doubts about this result—*Ford motoring costs you less!*

THE ZEPHYR

All the grace and power and stamina of a centre-court champion . . . six-seater luxury and 6-cylinder power, with optional overdrive or automatic transmission.



FORD winners—

WITH SERVICE THAT'S NEVER FAULTED

Ford Motor Company Limited · Dagenham

Glyndebourne

THE Glyndebourne management offers nothing wholly new this year except for Wolf-Ferrari's enchanting one-act piece, *Il Segreto di Susanna*, which is to be given as a curtain-raiser to *Ariadne auf Naxos*. By that time *Figaro*, *Le Comte Ory* and *The Rake's Progress* will have been presented with a few changes, mostly in the secondary roles, from the casts heard during previous seasons. The first two revivals of 1958, however, *Falstaff* and *Alceste*, have been largely recast, and in the process considerably strengthened. The improvement is particularly marked among the Ford family, all three of whom – Mr, Mrs and Miss – are now first-rate. To the jealous husband Mario Borriello brings long experience and a commanding style, while Graziella Sciutti makes an exceptionally attractive Nannetta, wanting nothing but a greater roundness and warmth of vocal timbre. These two singers are already well known, whereas the extremely promising Alice, Ilva Ligabue, is something of a Glyndebourne discovery; she has a rich soprano with the good, clean outline required by the music ('e il viso tuo' in the letter-reading scene was glorious), evident artistic sense and a pleasantly natural stage personality. With Fernanda Cadoni repeating her solidly reliable Meg, and Oralia Dominguez her apple-cheeked Quickly, the female ensembles went beautifully, and showed how much musical interest there is in passages which can sound like farmyard cackle. The male ensembles were almost as good; indeed, the whole performance was remarkable for the clarity and life of its detail under the immensely spirited yet discreet direction of Signor Gui. By now the Royal Philharmonic are thoroughly at home in this opera, and it was delightful to hear the idiomatic way in which they treated those passages – a speciality of the score – in which the orchestra continues to play with some vocal phrase or other, passing it on from instrument to instrument as though it were a joke too rich to be forgotten at once, whatever else might be competing for our attention on the stage.

The trouble – the only serious trouble in this capital performance – is that, for most of the time, too much is competing for our attention. Since last year Carl Ebert has revised his production, shedding some incongruities and adding various happy touches; but the whole thing remains too restless, too incessantly illustrative, too close to ballet, and at the same time too broad. One result is the loud and tiresomely sustained laughter of the audience; it may seem priggish to complain about this, but on the second night page after page of the music was drowned as effectively as in a 'jammed' broadcast. Geraint Evans, I am glad to say, was almost never guilty of that exaggerated smirking which had marred the integrity of his Falstaff last year. His first-act costume and puddingy padding tend to destroy that vestigial dignity which the part requires; but his utterance, both musical and verbal, has acquired a fine wit and distinction, and his ripe impersonation is worthy to be remembered in the historic sequence of famous Falstaffs.

The restraint and purity of style which we miss in Professor Ebert's handling of *Falstaff* are just what distinguish his admirable *Alceste*. The very first moment, when the chorus of mourners slowly turn towards us, raise their arms and ejaculate that tremendous opening discord, set the key for a performance which proved unexpectedly gripping. An unusual fire and conviction in the welding together of drama and music (the latter again in the safe hands of Signor Gui) did much to dispel that monotony of subject which has always been recognised as the weakness of Gluck's opera. A completely satisfying performance could be achieved only with a French cast, or one wholly at home in the French language. Gradually overcoming an ingrained suspicion of French singers, Glyndebourne has this year discovered a magnificent bass in Robert Massard, whose eloquent singing as the High Priest raised the Temple Scene to an unprecedented pitch of dramatic excitement, and who even managed to infuse some life into the poorly drawn figure of Hercules later on. Consuelo Rubio, the new Spanish Alceste, is a sincere and likeable artist who gave us some touching and finely moulded singing when the music lay in the lower part of her voice; her forte singing above the stave tended to become strained and unsteady. Richard Lewis repeated his very English-seeming Admetus: what an awful fix, we felt, for a decent chap to find himself in! Only a mastery of pure French declamatory style can remove this impression. Sir Hugh Casson's sets are effective in their way, once we have got over the initial shock of seeing Alcestis emerge from her palace as if through the scullery door.

The Warsaw Philharmonic under Stanislav Skrowaczewski made a great impression at the Festival Hall last Monday by the controlled fervour of their style, the singing tone and sinuous line of their strings and the keenly individual timbre of their wind. They brought with them a pretty mid-nineteenth-century concert overture by Moniuszko and Szymanowski's voluptuously romantic First Violin Concerto, a work which resembles a perpetual sunset but is saved from incoherence by masterly orchestration and a certain Slavonic brilliance of subsidiary detail; the great difficulties of its solo part were comfortably mastered by Roman Totenberg, a Polish-born violinist now resident in America. Orchestra and conductor showed their mettle in the First Symphony of Brahms and, above all, in the *Daphnis and Chloe* of Ravel, of which they offered an interpretation as shapely in outline as it was warm and sensuous in tone. We look forward to further visits from these splendid musicians.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

Better Books
Booksellers of
Charing Cross Road London

Eiffelmanship

THIS year's nervous trickle of visitors to Paris will still, as ever, split two ways, into those who are determined to live it up, and those who are equally determined to live them down. The former will use, the latter will avoid, the most modern building in Europe. In spite of its modernity, which has stood the test of all but seventy years, it has been despised by self-styled modernists, and slighted by eggheads – yet it has bitten so deeply into the imagination of the popular arts that it has only to appear on that silver screen for the house to ring with 'Oo-la-la, c'est Gay Paree!'

The Eiffel Tower is the great mystery monument of the Modern Movement. Its importance is nowhere denied and its designer is mentioned always with suitably bated breath – but students and fanatics of architecture avoid it if they can. Without doubt, Gustav Eiffel committed an unpardonable crime, right at the beginning, by achieving so much popular success. *'Emotion populaire . . . de quelle durée?'* sniffed Le Corbusier in 1922, and went on to compare other works of Eiffel's unfavourably with those of the ancient Romans. The art-snobs haven't stood a chance, because the popular emotion has proved extremely durable, and the lifts up the tower are still crowded with small boys, GIs, Algerian Scouts, Scandinavian amorists, parties from Wigan and those terrible people from the hotel.

The snobs should worry. Did they but know it, true Eiffelmanship forbids the lifts, you do *le tour de la tour* on foot; and *esprit d'escalier* has a special meaning in the inner circle of tower-fans. Nor has absolute altitude any attraction for them; the crucial staircase is that between the first platform and the ground and – odder still – it is negotiated from the top down. These twelve flights of stairs, six long, six short, are the *scala asinorum*. Know them, and you know the mystique of the tower.

At first the neophyte will not see why. A long flight descends into the lattice of the structure, one admires the enormity of the enterprise and the ingenuity of the parts, but retains one's wits. Then, arrived at the first landing, one turns – and quails. The short leg of the stair drops briefly towards nothing visible except a long dive to the Champ de Mars below. The feeling of insecurity is not diminished by the next four or five flights; rather, it is augmented by a growing conviction that the long flights are getting steeper, and that the ground is not getting any closer. Both illusions exist chiefly because one is now deprived of the time-honoured references of horizontal and vertical, entirely caught up in a space-cage where there are no verticals, because of the splay of the structure, no horizontals near enough to register, because the stair is on the diagonal of the leg of the tower, no right-angle joints at all, and even the external horizon is shouted down by the obsessive diagonals that thread around the visitor in all directions.

Only on the last two or three turns of the stair

Introducing

ACE of CLUBS

12" LONG PLAYING HIGH FIDELITY RECORDS

♣ World famous artists ♣ High-fidelity recordings

♣ No postal charges ♣ No waiting

♣ TEN RECORDS TO CHOOSE FROM NOW

♣ New ones every month

Beethoven
Symphony No. 5 in C minor, Op.67
Paris Conservatoire/Schuricht
ACL 1

Beethoven
Pastoral Symphony
London Philharmonic/Kleiber
ACL 2

Tchaikovsky
Symphony No. 5 in E minor, Op.64
Hamburg Radio Symphony
cond. **Schmidt-Isserstedt**
ACL 3

Mendelssohn
Violin Concerto in E minor, Op.64
Campoli
London Philharmonic/van Beinum
Italian Symphony
Turin Symphony/Rossi
ACL 4

Beethoven
Violin Concerto in D major, Op.61
Ricci/London Philharmonic/Boult
ACL 5

Rachmaninov
Piano Concerto No. 2 in C minor,
Katchen
New S.O. of London/Fistoulari
ACL 6

Rossini/Respighi
La Boutique Fantasque
London Symphony/Ansermet
ACL 7

Chopin
Les Sylphides
Tchaikovsky
The Sleeping Beauty—Ballet suite
Paris Conservatoire/Désormière
ACL 8

Bizet
Carmen—suite (a);
L'Arlésienne—suite (b)
LPO/Collins (a)/van Beinum (b)
ACL 9

Tchaikovsky
1812 Overture, Op.49
Hamlet—Fantasy overture
London Philharmonic/Boult
ACL 10

22/6

Tax paid, complete in pictorial sleeve. A DECCA PRODUCT

Begin collecting 'ACES' today

ACE OF CLUBS RECORDS DECCA HOUSE ALBERT EMBANKMENT LONDON S E 11

OVER TO

John Arlott

A batsman in form is like a fresh-lit pipe of St. Bruno . . . each is set for a long innings and there's a special flavour to both the batting and the smoking. That's why I smoke St. Bruno. When I settle down to a pipe I want a slow-burning tobacco with a specially enjoyable flavour. And that's what you get with St. Bruno.

You're bound to like

St. BRUNO

The most popular flake of all

4/6 an ounce

does anything like normality return, but even so one still feels powerfully disoriented. As well one might, having just passed through the inner secrets of the first public building in the world that isn't held together by gravity. Remember – even the flightiest Baroque, the most aspiring Gothic, owes its physical coherence to the weight of stone pressing down immemorially on stone; but Gustave Eiffel's tower is held together by the tensile strength of its members, the shear strength of its bolts; its crucial loading is not weight reliably acting vertically but the wind blowing variably from any side, though always horizontally, which is why it is hooked into the earth's crust, rather than founded on it.

To some extent, all tall buildings must be like this, but the tower is the only one that dramatises the fact, and has nothing else to say. In doing so it transgresses, or ignores, all the laws of aesthetics, as Eiffel cheerfully admitted. He was not building, as Vitruvius had done before, as Le Corbusier was to do after, in Euclid's gravity-bound space of horizontals and verticals – he was a pioneer into the space of space-ships, that can rely on no external force for their structural coherence.

All this, let it never be forgotten, was in 1889, the work of a stolid, portly bourgeois of unshakable probity, a model Victorian paterfamilias in a beard and top hat, born while rail travel was still a novelty. Anyone who thinks he can brush it off as a mere feat of technical virtuosity is a real Flat-Earth nut. It is one of the most daring achievements of any human mind, conceived in a mood so disciplined yet so serenely unchained from convention that most gestures of intellectual freedom are, by comparison, merely a change from handcuffs to leg-irons.

REYNER BANHAM

Independent Producer

MR CARL FOREMAN is that rarity, a man who thinks of and produces his own films. He believes in the writer, having started as such (with *The Men* and *Champion* to his credit); he co-produced with Sidney Kramer; he fled the McCarthy purge, and worked here incognito; and now, with *The Key*, he comes out as an independent film-maker at a time when we are badly in need of such.

The Key (Odeon) sets out by discovering one of those suicide jobs during the war of which very few people are aware: the rescue service by British tugboats of merchantmen fired or disabled by U-boats in the Atlantic. The distress signal goes out; the tug finds the lame duck and tows it home – if it isn't first sunk by submarines. With no speed and little armature, the tug's only hope is to dodge, and trust to luck. This is the kind of film we were good at ourselves, in a rather pinch-lipped way, during the war, and now seek to revive with a wash of glamour: Foreman goes for emotions as well as facts, and takes his story from a novel by Jan de Hartog, *Stella*. Among the tugboat captains there has developed a fatalistic succession: a flat in the dingy sea-port passing from hand to hand, each doomed man finding his successor in odd places – once with the Lama of Tibet. The flat is a retreat from hideous lodgings; and with its key goes – or doesn't quite go – the first captain's girl. It's an odd tale with a mystique of fear that might work wonders. Yet *The Key* just misses. Why? It has Trevor Howard and William Holden as captains II and III; Sophia Loren is the hand-to-hand girl who may be untouchable; Carol Reed directs. Perhaps that is sufficient answer. Stars and an outside director already interposed between Mr Foreman's idea and the première. I asked him why, if he had this one-man idea of films, he didn't himself direct – script, production, editing being his already. Some reluctance or shyness prevents him. Of course he is present while the film is being shot, but one essential step has been delegated, and so other ideas, second thoughts, obtrude. But in the case of *The Key*, I think the compromise had already been decided by Mr Foreman himself. He – and no one else – chose the pattern of war story with an American (or was it Canadian?) hero, Miss Loren (fresh from *Desire Under the Elms*) as a new Magda, and the ending, which included being sunk or not sunk and just catching or not the train in which the all-embracing girl departed. The trouble with the romance is that it isn't sardonically grasped, and with the naval actions that one is much like another. The result is some vagueness of character, and also of place; the seaport as such never comes whole. However, the tale wields a fascination, the actors make the most of it, and the direction has brilliant moments, especially in the final action when there's no hope of chugging through.

'You are looking pale, dear,' says a husband at the Gaumont. But how red are her lips, and should they part, two little fangs will peep out! Of course this is Dracula – again. A British Dracula, taken straight, brisk matter-of-fiction, hair-raising with stakes driven through the heart. Christopher Lee scores points by *not* looking too much a monster, and Peter Cushing as his hunter-down is admirably urgent. I prefer *Dracula* myself with all the frills—vertical wall-scalings by moonlight and a house in Piccadilly – as Gothic as may be. However, for others who go for the gruesome-humdrum, here it is; if not – despite blood – full-blooded.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

June

Mention Hounslow Heath and most people will think of Dick Turpin and his friends. Few will remember that the Heath was the scene of the first recorded polo match in England, between the 9th Lancers and the 10th Hussars. That was in 1871 and a lot of polo has been played since. Indeed, we are now in the middle of the 1958 season, but the news is unlikely to stir the blood of the ordinary man. If he thinks of polo at all, it is as a kind of hockey on horseback. (He would be nearer the mark to think of hockey as a kind of polo on foot.) Regrettable though it may be, the fact remains that polo is unlikely ever to become Everyman's cup of tea. Clearly, then, its appeal must be vastly different from that of the Midland Bank which, with every day that passes, becomes more and more the bank for everybody.

MIDLAND BANK LIMITED

2,150 branches in England and Wales

HEAD OFFICE: POULTRY, LONDON, E.C.2

Correspondence

FALLING BASTION?

SIR,—I was surprised to read your leading article entitled 'The Falling Bastion'. No, the bastion hasn't fallen, as you announce with such sinister accents. It appears that you are completely misunderstanding the position of French Socialists and democrats, and that you are too hastily burying French democracy.

De Gaulle is not a Fascist. He *might*, that is true, open a way to Fascism. But that doesn't mean that from now on France is a Fascist country. You know as well as I do that the French have always been incapable of expressing their will through an elected parliament. In this sense you could just as well say that France was a Fascist country under M. Mollet and M. Lacoste, who so lightheartedly ignored their electoral promises. But there are many other ways of asserting our will. The capitulation of the majority of the French parliament to the threats of the Algiers rebels will certainly not prevent us from struggling for our liberties. The demonstration in Paris last Wednesday was not an end but a beginning. Anything *might* happen under de Gaulle, but the French people still have plenty of opportunities to see that Fascism doesn't happen. And there are very good reasons to believe that they will seize these opportunities. De Gaulle is, I think, prone to respect the will of the people, if this will is expressed without fear, everywhere and ceaselessly—or he will be forced to respect it, because it will now be expressed much more actively than under such people as Mollet or Gaillard, who were so clever at confusing issues. Anyway, I don't think it will help if English Socialists consider that everything is now finished and hopeless and that a Fascist curtain has fallen on France. We know that there is a terrible threat—but we can face it. Who do you think the French people are? They can't be domesticated as easily as you seem to think.

DENIS ROUSSEL

61 Av A Dumont
Malakoff (Seine)

[Critic refers to this letter in the London Diary.—ED., *NS.*]

RELIGION IN THE SCHOOLS

SIR,—The phrase 'the compulsory religious indoctrination of children in all state schools', used by Cynthia Thompson in your last issue, gives a very misleading picture of the situation. First, it is not true that the right to withdraw children from the scripture lesson exists only on paper. In spite of practical difficulties Roman Catholic children are almost always withdrawn, and so often are Jews and members of some other bodies. It is rare for a child to be withdrawn on the grounds of his parents' lack of any religious faith; this suggests either that such parents are few or that they do not mind their children receiving religious instruction. Secondly, if it were made compulsory for the scripture period to be always first or last in the day to make withdrawal easier, this would simply be to revert to the state of affairs which existed between the Education Acts of 1870 and 1944. It was because so little use was made of the right of withdrawal that the time-table clause was dropped from the 1944 Act.

It is therefore incorrect to speak of the 'compulsory religious indoctrination' of children, and it is doubtful whether in many schools the instruction given can even be described as 'religious indoctrination', though here much must depend on the individual teacher. My own experience, as pupil, student and teacher, is of four girls' grammar schools in different parts of the country, and the religious instruction in these schools was concerned with facts rather than with opinions; mainly because if one deals with too many controversial matters, it is difficult to avoid being sectarian and thereby contravening the spirit if not the letter of the Education Acts. Even so, it is usually possible to assume the birth of Christianity. (Perhaps Cynthia Thompson would say this is a proof of successful indoctrination in the primary schools!) When teaching in an industrial town I was prepared for apathy and hostility and found practically none, and generally the problem is not so much to make children accept Christianity as to prevent them from swallowing uncritically all that they are told. The occasional child who is a declared atheist is then very helpful.

Cynthia Thompson is right in saying that one of the main difficulties comes from children who, while not withdrawn from scripture, receive religious teaching at home which in some ways differs from that given at school, but with care and tact on the part of the teacher the children certainly need not become 'the human rope in an ideological tug-of-war'.

ROSEMARY FILMER

Bexhill-on-Sea

SIR,—I would like to support Cynthia Thompson in her statement on religious instruction in schools as a teacher who has for years been perturbed by this. There are many teachers like myself who, although aware that they need not teach religious knowledge, were shown early in their teaching career how unpopular and unfair is the teacher, particularly in a primary school, who does not wish to teach this subject, because it usually means another teacher taking her class: in a small, understaffed school this is often impossible.

If I were a Christian, I should be as perturbed at the haphazard teaching offered to children by well-intentioned but vague teachers, so often unsure of themselves, as I am at the prospect of myself teaching a subject in which I have no belief.

So often, the worst aspect in schools is that few teachers seem to feel the subject worth caring about one way or another and accept the meaningless chants of morning assembly as another chore in the daily round of no more significance than milk- or dinner-duty. If the Christians really cared for their religion they would certainly take it out of the schools.

MARGARET DONCASTER

Baldock

HUMANISM AND THE BBC

SIR,—As a member of the Church of England I warmly support Mrs Knight's plea for a fairer allocation of broadcasting time. I agree that in a country only one in ten of whose population have any formal connection with a Christian body, it is absurd and outrageous that non-Christian viewpoints are so infrequently given expression by the BBC. Christians have an especial duty to be scrupulous in this matter, and even those among us who regard all opposing beliefs as damnable can hardly deny that the present arrangements are unrealistic and often hypocritical.

I believe that a true and living faith is purged and strengthened by controversy, and I suspect that Christianity is accorded its present privileged position, not for its truth as divine revelation, but for its usefulness as social cement. It was on similar grounds of social expediency that Jesus was crucified.

PETER MEADE

Theydon Bois, Epping

JUNG AND THE JEWS

SIR,—I am not related to Dr Gerhard Adler and am but a lay reader in psycho-analysis. But, like him, I am not convinced that when Jung speaks of 'Jewish' psychology he is making an anti-Semitic as against a scientific distinction. Freudian psychology has a distinct Old Testament and Jewish design, perhaps based on Freud's own family life, in its patriarchal elements and in its reduction of psychology to quasi-rationalistic and psysiological elements. Wotan is different from Jehovah because different racial and tribal psychologies produce different father-figures. The Puritanism which made Judaism anti-Hellenistic made it also antithetical to Wotanism in the sense that Nietzsche made an antithesis between Apollo

Answers to correspondents

"Why have special glasses for drinking sherry? It's the same sherry whether it's served in a tumbler or a tankard."—H.B., Droitwich.

And how right you are, H.B.! But it's good housekeeping to serve sherry in a small, tulip-shaped glass—that way the bottle lasts longer. After all, if you cut cucumber sandwiches as thick as doorsteps instead of wafer thin, you'd soon run out of bread, wouldn't you?

"My friend was refused a small sherry in a wine bar because he wasn't wearing a jacket. Is this in order?"—Indignant, Balham.

There is no law that coats must be worn when drinking sherry, and I must confess that on occasion I have removed mine before sitting down, in the solitude of my little den, to a bottle of Mackenzie's Vintners Cream! Without knowing the full facts of the case I hesitate to give an opinion. Perhaps the man was wearing braces.

"After a sherry at our annual staff dance I was unable to remove the glass from my nose. How can I avoid this happening next year?"—Wendy, Harrow.

How embarrassing for you, Wendy! I hope it is off now. The conventional sherry glass certainly is a trap for the uninitiated, but the knack of draining it to the last drop comes with practice. Throw the head well back and follow through with the elbow high. Good luck!

"Unaccustomed as I am to public drinking, I'm always at a loss for words about wine, and so have to drink alone. Could you lend me the book called "Oenophilia" which you reviewed recently?"—Tongue-tied, Surbiton.

Alas, the only copy is now wedged under my sideboard; if I remove it, the bottles might fall off. But don't despair; fine words flow freely after a fine wine.

MACKENZIE'S
Sherry

★ FINO PERLA
Medium
★ VINTNERS CHOICE
Superior Amontillado (Medium Dry)
☆ EL CATADOR
Very Dry Fino
★ VINTNERS CREAM
Rare Old Oloroso (Sweet)

MACKENZIE & COMPANY LTD., 20 EASTCHEAP, LONDON, E.C.3.
TEL: MANSION HOUSE 4777 *and Jerez-de-la-Frontera, Spain*

Campaign for NUCLEAR DISARMAMENT

WOMEN AGAINST THE BOMB

For Women Only

Assembly Hall, Church House 27th June **7.30 p.m.**

Platform includes Dr. Janet Aitken, Dame Peggy Ashcroft, Diana Collins, Vera Brittain, Jill Craigie, Dr. Winifred de Kok, Jane Drew, Christina Foyle, Jacquetta Hawkes, Dorothy Hodgkin, F.R.S., Storm Jameson, Sarah Jenkins, Margaret Lane, Marghanita Laski, Rosamond Lehmann, Doris Lessing, Dame Alix Meynell, The Hon. Elizabeth Montague, Penelope Mortimer, Iris Murdoch, Dorothy Needham, F.R.S., Kathleen Nott, Dr. Antoinette Pirie.
Tickets 1s.

LEICESTER

Co-operative Hall, Belgrave Gate. 9th June **7.30 p.m.**
Dr. ANTOINETTE PIRIE
A. J. P. TAYLOR

CLAPHAM

Clapham Baths, Manor Street. 10th June **7.45 p.m.**
Debate
MERVYN JONES
Speaking for the Campaign

STAFFORD

Assembly Rooms 10th June **7.30 p.m.**
Dr. ALEX COMFORT
EDWARD L. SEYD

RICHMOND

Richmond Community Centre, Sheen Road 11th June **8.00 p.m.**
Dr. NICOLAS MALLESON
Dr. PETER ASTBURY

NEWCASTLE

Connaught Hall 11th June **7.30 p.m.**
MERVYN JONES
W. F. K. WYNNE-JONES
Rev. ERIC L. ROBINSON

SUNDERLAND

Sans Street Hall 11th June **8.00 p.m.**
MERVYN JONES
Dr. FRANK FARMER

DARLINGTON

Technical College 12th June **7.15 p.m.**
CLIVE JENKINS
MERVYN JONES
Dr. J. WESTON WELLS

HUDDERSFIELD

Town Hall 12th June **7.30 p.m.**
RITCHIE CALDER
Canon JOHN COLLINS

BROMLEY

Central Library 13th June **8.00 p.m.**
Dr. PETER ASTBURY
BENN W. LEVY

MARCH ON LONDON June 22nd

Pamphlets, tickets and details from :
146 FLEET STREET, E.C.4 TEL.: FLE 4175

and Dionysus. Surely then to be opposed to Jewish psycho-analysis is no more anti-Semitic than to be opposed to eastern philosophy means that one dislikes Asians.

HENRY ADLER

3 Roland Gardens
SW7

SIR,—Mr Keller tries to sustain with unconvincing evidence the lie that Jung was a supporter of the Nazis and is still an anti-Semite.

Dr Adler, in answering the earlier letter of Dr Parelhoff, has rebutted these charges at the documentary level. Perhaps you would allow me, as someone who knows Dr Jung fairly intimately, to say that I have never once heard from his lips any sentiment that would justify such charges. Jung is a great man, the greatest that it has been my privilege to know, and his humanity and kindness are evident in his every word and act.

What strikes me most forcibly, however, is the meanness of these critics. Here is a man who has devoted a long life to the consideration and cure of mental diseases and spiritual distress. His *Collected Works*, now in the course of publication, will run to eighteen large volumes, and nowhere in modern literature is there such a wide-ranging and profound treasury of humane scholarship. Jung, in his serene old age, can afford to ignore his detractors, and surely your readers will dismiss, with the pity they deserve, the little men who pipe their envy of the great man's fame.

HERBERT READ

Stonegrave
York

COLOUR BAR IN SPORT

SIR,—British sportsmen who are interested in the problem of the colour bar in sport may be interested to know that the application of the (non-racial) South African Soccer Federation for membership of the International Association Football Federation (FIFA) comes up before the Congress of that body at Stockholm next week.

The SASF numbers 52,000 players. The present FIFA member for South Africa, the FASA, which organises football there on a basis of Europeans' only, has some 20,000 players. Of FASA, the Emergency Committee of the International Football Federation reported in 1955 that it 'not the standing of a real national association that can govern and develop football in accordance with the provisions of Article 3 of the statutes of FIFA.'

When the matter last came up before FIFA (at Lisbon in 1956) decision was postponed until this Congress. The South African government withheld passports from the delegates of the non-racial body, and the latter's case had to be put by a South African who happened to be travelling in Europe at the time. This spokesman's own passport was withdrawn on his return, and again the passports of the non-racial body's own executive members have been withheld, so that other arrangements have had to be made to ensure that its case does not go by default.

IVOR MONTAGU

Verdure Close
Garston

SOUTH AFRICAN STUDENT

SIR,—The students here have recently established a fund to enable a South African student to come to Southampton University to further his education. We were prompted to this action by the policy of Apartheid in higher education which is being pursued by the South African government, and which seeks to deny to non-white students on racial ground free access to a university education in the full sense.

To support the fund we are making a public appeal, and our sponsors include many civic and religious leaders such as the Most Rev. Joost De Blank, Archbishop of Cape Town, the Bishops of Salisbury, Portsmouth and Winchester, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Portsmouth, the Duke of Wellington, Countess Mountbatten of Burma, Father Trevor Huddleston, Ewen Montagu, MPs of both parties and leaders in the free churches, the trade unions and the professions.

To keep a student here for 3 years would cost approximately £1,500, and we are appealing to various civic and social organisations. But we feel sure that many of your readers must share our disapproval of the proposed South African restrictions on academic freedom, and might like to make a contribution, however small, to the fund. We urge support for this most worth-while cause and ask that contributions be sent to N. Guthrie, at this address.

R. CHESTER
Secretary

Students' Union
The University
Southampton

SEX IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS

SIR,—I believe that heterosexual relationships are the responsibility of the parents. But in many cases people do not see this as a duty, and a child may grow up ignorant and shy of the opposite sex. The fault is not in his school but in the parents. Again difficulties arise; people cannot be forced to beliefs and thus into actions, as this kills 'the freedom of the individual' of which we are so proud.

There must be, then, in this case, more of an understanding between school and parents concerning sex education and both must come to a compromise.

SIMON BRIGGS

Blundell's
Tiverton

THE H-BOMB CAMPAIGN

SIR,—Since the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament was launched four months ago, support for its aims has mounted steadily all over Britain. Our meetings continue to draw large and attentive audiences. Our literature is being widely circulated. There is wide and growing support for demonstrations in favour of our policy.

Plans are now in hand for widespread activities during the summer and autumn. These include a drive and march on London on 21 and 22 June (not July, as stated last week in a letter from Frank Allaun); a meeting for women only at Church House on 27 June at which many eminent women will be on the platform; an international Congress of European intellectuals at Basle on 5 to 6 July, which is now being launched by an Appeal from Lord Russell; and a Mass Meeting at Harringay Arena on 23 September with an international platform, including Dr Linus Pauling of America.

Money is urgently needed for these projects, to enable us to send a large delegation to Basle, to bring speakers from all over the world to Harringay and to pay the rent for the Arena. The Campaign has received a great deal of support already from the readers of the NEW STATESMAN. I hope they will now contribute generously to enable us to go forward with these plans. Contributions should be sent to the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, 146 Fleet Street, London, EC4.

CANON L. JOHN COLLINS
Chairman

THE MOSCOW ART THEATRE

SIR,—I notice that no one has taken up the point made in V. S. Pritchett's article, when he says that Vershinin in *The Three Sisters* entrusts his neurotic wife and children to Masha. In fact he entrusts them to Olga, when Masha is not present!

I would like to thank Mr Pritchett for his explanation of the 'collisions of solitudes'. As he says, it is just when these moments occur, as they do so frequently in *The Cherry Orchard*, that laughter bubbles to the surface and creates the delicate sparkling quality of the play.

Is it not possible, however, that Chekhov, a dying man (though he kept it to himself), and a doctor deeply concerned with poverty and disease, could not write an absolute comedy simply because he knew that life itself was not comic? In the final words of the three sisters one feels that it is Chekhov himself speaking: 'in a little while we shall know why we live, why we suffer. . . .' It says much for the Olga and Irina of the present production that in some strange way they seem to have bridged that 'little while'; and, although remaining true to the Chekhov of 50 years ago, yet bring the play forward in interpretation, while still continuing the long line of Russian heroines (beginning with Pushkin's gentle Tatiana) distinguished by their moral beauty and simplicity. It is in fact very difficult to regard *Three Sisters* as a comedy.

HILARIE BEAVEN

8 Crooked Usage
N3

MARGERY FRY MEMORIAL FUND

SIR,—We invite donations to a Trust Fund which is to be created in memory of Margery Fry. Outstanding amongst her many interests was her lifelong concern with the prevention of crime and the rehabilitation of offenders, and these will be the objects of the Memorial Fund. It is envisaged that the Fund might be used for such purposes as the granting of scholarships, the financing of research schemes, and the setting up for pioneer projects for the rehabilitation of offenders; and that it might perhaps help in some way to facilitate the establishment of an Institute of Criminology.

We hope that as many people as possible will give generously to this fund, which would be devoted to the acquisition of a deeper knowledge and a fuller understanding of a complex human problem, and so perhaps prevent future suffering and unhappiness. Donations should be sent to:

John Cole, Esq.,
66 Lincoln's Inn Fields,
London, WC2.

who has agreed to be Hon. Treasurer.

DONALD ALLEN
MICHAEL ST ALBANS
GEORGE BENSON
BIRKETT
THEODORA CALVERT
CICELY CRAVEN
PAUL S. CADBURY
GERALD GARDINER
MERTHYR
TEMPLEWOOD
JANET VAUGHAN

SPRINGTIME TWO

SIR,—May I be permitted through the courtesy of your columns to reply to Mr Patrick Galvin's accusation that I have rewritten his poem which appeared in our anthology *Springtime Two*? The alteration will speak for itself. (The poem has nine verses.)

Original:

Whatever love will open now
Whatever loves are ringed with fire
Cruel are the blades and arrows I've made.
Grief is the apple of my desire.

The altered last verse:

Whatever love will open now
Whatever loves are ringed with fire
Cruel are the arrows I have made.
Grief is the apple of my desire.

I suggested to Mr Galvin that the penultimate line spoilt an otherwise good poem, and suggested that it should be altered. As publishers we reserve the right to edit manuscripts so long as meaning is not changed and our efforts in this direction have the approval of our authors, who include such distinguished writers as Jean Cocteau, Ezra Pound, Hermann Hesse, Anna Kavan, etc. I do apologise to Mr Galvin, and to his publisher, that the acknowledgements were inadvertently omitted.

PETER OWEN

[Mr Owen does not mention that his request to alter Mr Galvin's poem was specifically refused by Mr Galvin's publisher on Mr Galvin's instructions —ED., *NS.*]

Money to burn?

Millions of pounds worth of property in Great Britain is destroyed or damaged by fire each year. For 1957, the round estimate is £26,000,000. Had it not been for insurance, this would have meant the ruin of many businesses, both large and small, as well as of thousands of private householders.

Although fires are frequent, both businesses and homes often remain insufficiently insured, whilst each year brings its sad stories of people who had no insurance at all.

Fire burns money—*your* money. Insurance for the *full* value of property prevents the financial disaster which can so often follow fire.

For advice on all forms of fire insurance

Ask the man from the

PRUDENTIAL

The address of the local office is in your telephone directory

Cotella

INTRODUCE THE MODERN IDEA FOR

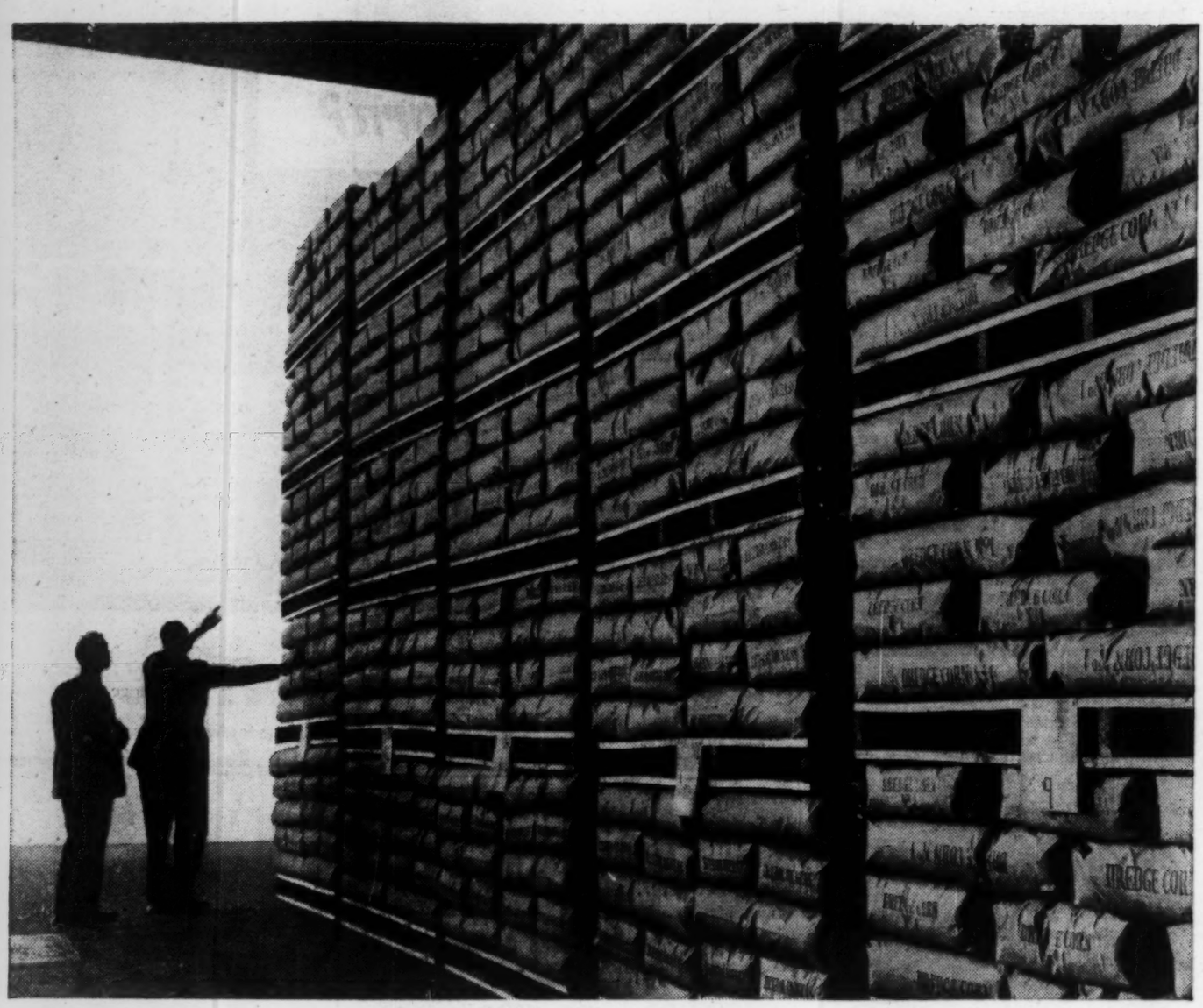
Zest or Rest

The latest men's fashion for sleepwear or beachwear, with an informal shirt generously tailored from broad-striped, long-wearing Oxford Cloth in pleasing colours, and lined trunks in plain colours to match. Shirt or trunks are sold separately.

FOR THE FINE AND DANDY MAN
Candyman
CASUAL COMFORT WITH A CONTINENTAL FLAVOUR

For details of colour range and address of nearest stockist apply to:—

COTELLA C/M, 455, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1.



How a 19-company team puts paper to work for you

Nowadays multiwall paper sacks are used for countless commodities—from cement to foodstuffs, rose trees to scientific instruments, chemicals to hats! And little wonder—they are strong, hygienic, weatherproof, easy to fill, seal and stack. One of their new highly successful uses (illustrated here) is for the bulk packaging of seed grain.

Paper sacks by the million are but one example of the vast range of paper and paperboard products for packaging, printing and building which are made by the Reed Paper Group—the 'go ahead' team of 19 major companies which is concerned with every aspect of paper making and converting.

By making full use of the Group's collective experience and resources, Reed teamwork ensures that all these products are best and right for the job. By encouraging the *individuality* of each Reed company, the Group is able to offer better, more personal, on-the-spot service. Each Reed company takes the initiative in thinking and acting for itself *and for its customers.*

"YOU profit from the initiative of each Company backed by the resources of the Group"

ALBERT E. REED & CO. LTD. (AYLESFORD, TOVIL AND BRIDGE MILLS) · THE LONDON PAPER MILLS CO. LTD. · EMPIRE PAPER MILLS LTD. THE SUN PAPER MILL CO. LTD. · COLTHROP BOARD & PAPER MILLS LTD. · THE SOUTHERN PAPER STOCK CO. LTD. · E. R. FREEMAN & WESCOTT LTD. REED PAPER SALES LTD. · REED CORRUGATED CASES LTD. · CONTAINERS LTD. · POWELL LANE MANUFACTURING CO. LTD. · CROPPER & CO. LTD. CUT-OUTS (CARTONS) LTD. · PAPER CONVERTERS LTD. · MEDWAY PAPER SACKS LTD. · BROOKGATE INDUSTRIES LTD. · REED FLONG LTD. THE KEY ENGINEERING CO. LTD. · HOLOPLAST LTD.
In association with Kimberly-Clark Ltd., makers of "Kleenex", "Kotex", "Delsey" and "Hi-Dri" products.

Reed PAPER GROUP

THE REED PAPER GROUP HEAD OFFICE · 105 PICCADILLY · LONDON · W.1

BOOKS IN GENERAL

The Excremental Vision

'I LOOKED forward to finding Ireland a land of endless enchantment, but so far as I can see at present Ireland isn't bigger than a priest's back'. So George Moore prosed on, as he and Yeats took their famous stroll through Dublin in the early 1900s. Down Grafton Street they went, past Trinity and the Provost's House and 'the Bank all in curves', leaving Joyce's 'meeting of the waters' and Tom Moore's statue on their right, up Westmorland Street and on down to the banks of the Liffey. 'The quays', he writes, 'were delightful that day . . . Yeats cawed. . . .'

I myself feel that few hundred yards' stretch of litter and seagull spillings to be the most mournful strand in Europe. Certainly, it is the saddest corner of Dublin. Only the high red-brick tenements of Mountjoy Square – home of O'Casey's gunmen – can rival it for desolation. Here, more than anywhere in the island, the stranger is aware of the dark and shiftless underside of the Irish eighteenth century. The air reeks of mundungus – the coarse evil-smelling shag that Swift doled out to his country labourers. We are in Swift's own land of Rums and teagues, the island of bitterness and exile no bigger than a priest's back to which – the spent tool of a fallen Ministry – he was returned at the age of forty-seven. The high noon of St John and Whitehall, of claret in the Cockpit, roasted oranges and Ombre with Vanessa 'at this end of the town', the golden dream of power and influence, grace and favour – it was all over. Fate and the Duchess of Somerset had done for him, and the vast, grim Deanery gaped ahead, ready to swallow him up. Wearily, but with the dogged will-power that never – at least until the end – deserted him, Swift prepared to compound with his captivity. The Sheridans, Delanys and Achesons replaced Harley, Gay, Pope and Arbuthnot just as the local scandal of Wood's halfpence succeeded the grand jobberies of the Duke of Marlborough. A dunghill, but at least the Dean would be cock of it. It is this resignation to Ireland and things Irish, this deliberate immersion in his Dublin neighbours and the Dublin scene, that is the recurring theme of Swift's verse. As Mr Horrell writes in an admirable and most perceptive introduction to this new edition*,

> His churchly, political and literary ideas are essentially uninteresting except as they are harnessed to Irish actualities. . . . It is the 'middling' friends of his Irish acquaintance who come alive in his hands. The substance may (at least in Swift's opinion) have changed for the worse, but that also was its challenge: it possessed only the interest that he would lend it. 'Those black corrosive vapours which he exhaled so profusely formerly in the open air', Bolingbroke wrote Pope in 1724, 'have been long pent up in a cloister, and he is become the martyr of that humour which was given him for the punishment of others'. This did not come to pass for a long time because, among other reasons, the conversation of Sheridan, the Grattan brothers, Dan Jackson, and the servants at Market Hill was more congenial to him than he would admit or Bolingbroke could suppose. The humour that makes his misanthropy so contemptuous and withering also makes it significant and tolerable. It makes material of the ugly incongruities that are the despair of a rational mind. He is unhappy with the world, but it is his oyster. His poetry rather more than his prose signifies his resolution to live on whatever terms with the problems he could not solve.

Mr Horrell has a number of interesting things to say about Swift's poetry. As he points out, four-fifths of it was written after the poet had turned fifty; bite ('go, go, you're bit') is the prevailing note. 'He gets in and out of verse as easily as he changes his gown, and his poems open like windows on persons and places, on his darkest and most joyous moods. They celebrate no exalted moods only because he acknowledged none'. Again, Mr Horrell notes the part that the time-factor played in Swift's verse. Though he flourished alongside Pope, the latter was young enough to be his son. Congreve and Prior, those great extinct wits of Queen Anne's day, were his true contemporaries and he himself was the relic of a meatier and less dedicated generation. His conception of poetry was quite recreational and down to earth – almost utilitarian. For Dryden and Pope, Calliope was the sovereign muse, the end and purpose of life: for Swift she was a civilised adjunct to human intercourse, a choice means of raising conversation to a higher power. Paradoxically, it was his very mundane and cavalier attitude to poetry that gave contemporary satire such a jolt. Swift's brisk off-the-cuff dialogue treatment ousted Butler's rattling narrative and Dryden's weighted Alexandrines. Deliberately casual and unbuttoned, the Horatian *sermo pedestris* made its way against 'Juvenal's declamatory grandeur'.

The earlier poems are laboured and disappointing. Even the well-known *Cadenus and Vanessa* is little more than an elegant and amiable exercise, chiefly memorable for the dexterous ambiguity in which the poet involves his feelings for Esther Vanhomrigh. It is Ireland, that cosy, clinging midden of his later life, that brings out the real poet in Swift. 'Their style,' wrote Gulliver of the Brobdignagians, 'is clear, masculine, smooth, but not florid', and so it is here. Any floridity that might lie lurking in Swift's verse had long ago turned to the scatological. My only criticism of Mr Horrell's essay is that he makes too little of the fascination that dirt, ordure and the pox exercised over Swift – that whole side of his nature that the late Middleton Murry, in his fine study of the Dean, calls 'the excremental vision'. In the most hair-raising of these poems we can watch his mind swinging, with the precision of a town clock's pendulum, between the Pit and the privy. He looks out of the deanery windows at 'the land of slaves and fens' – and breaks wind in its face. Again and again in his poetry the close-stool comes creeping in. It is this preoccupation that mars the vigorous Market Hill poems with their racy and vivid humours – Dermot and Sheelah weeding in Sir Arthur Acheson's courtyard and the Captain putting down the clergy at the dinner-table.

> Whenever you see a Cassock and Gown,
> A Hundred to One, but it covers a Clown;
> Observe how a *Parson* comes into a Room,
> G- d- me, he hobbles as bad as my Groom;
> A *Scholard*, when just from his College broke loose,
> Can hardly tell how to cry *Bo* to a Goose;
> Your *Noveds*, and *Blutracks*, and *Omurs* and Stuff,
> By G— they don't signify this Pinch of Snuff.
> To give a young Gentleman right Education,
> The Army's the only good School in the Nation. . . .

Once we have skirted the sewage, Swift's poetry can still afford us a great deal of pleasure – social rather than aesthetic, in the way that one reads certain Latin poets less for their intrinsic beauties than for the banqueting, the catamites and the swell of life among the Seven Hills. He is a connoisseur of glimpses – a coach ride with Harley, a morning shower in St James's, a bishop hastily abridging his devotions to pay court to the Lord-Lieutenant. Demar the usurer, Boat the hanging judge, the Dean of Fernes, accused of rape, Clever Tom Clinch on his way to be hanged, their broadsides, ballads and lampoons constitute a fine gallery of Hogarthian misfits. In his more serious satire – *e.g. The Legion Club*, in which he lashed the Irish Parliament in the guise of a Bedlam – he shows himself a master of the rabbit-punch:

> Let Sir Tom, that rampant Ass,
> Stuff his Guts with Flax and Grass . . .
> Footman, Traytor, vile Seducer,
> Perjur'd Rebel, brib'd Accuser . . .
> Fall a working like a Mole;
> Raise the Dirt about your Hole.
>
> Keeper, shew me where to fix
> On the Puppy Pair of *Dicks*;
> By their lanthorn Jaws and Leathern,
> You might swear they both are Brethren . . .
> Tie them, Keeper, in a Tether.
> Let them stare and stink together;
> Both are apt to be unruly,
> Lash them daily, lash them duly. . . .

It is because so much of Swift's verse is written *en déshabillé* that it throws such light on his general character; his pity for the poor of Dublin and his absorption in the minutest details of their lives (as Mr Horrell reminds us, he was fascinated by street-cries and hucksters' lore); his contempt for metaphysics and all high thinking generally ('But as for me, who ne'er could clamber high To understand Malebranche or Cambrai'); his loathing of the physical condition (Corinna's handkerchiefs 'all varnish'd o'er with snuff and snot' and the twelve cups of tea voided by the young bride on her honeymoon); his love of the ironically autobiographical *pièce justificative* (*The Author Upon Himself*, and the superb *Verses on the Death of Dr Swift*); above all, his rare salutations to Virtue, as shown in the poems for Stella's birthday and the less anthologised *The First of April*, written in praise

**Collected Poems of Jonathan Swift.* Edited by JOSEPH HORRELL. *Routledge.* 2 vols. 42*s.*

of his friend Mrs Cope, a poem which, as Murry rightly declares, sounds a tender and uniquely un-Swiftian note:

They peep'd and saw a lady there
Pinning on coifs and combing hair;
Soft'ning with songs to son and daughter
The persecution of cold water;
Still pleas'd with the good-natur'd noise
And harmless frolics of her boys;
Equal to all in care and love,
Which all deserve and all improve.

In 1699 at the age of thirty-three, Swift drew up a strange and secret list of resolves, entitled *When I Come to be Old*. They included the following:

Not to marry a young woman.

Not to keep young company unless they really desire it.

Not to be peevish or morose, or suspicious.

Not to be fond of children, or let me come near them hardly.

Not to be covetous.

Not to neglect decency or cleanliness, for fear of falling into nastiness.

Not to be influenced by, or to give ear to knavish tattling servants or others.

Not to be too free of advice nor trouble any but those that desire it.

Not to boast of any former beauty or strength, or favour with ladies, etc.

Not to set up for observing all these Rules, for fear I should observe none.

'The implication surely', comments Mr John Hayward in a remarkable essay which is still far too little known (in *From Anne to Victoria*, 1937), 'is that he dreaded an appeal to the heart which could only be answered at the risk of indulging feelings he had steeled himself to conceal from the world'. All his life Swift held himself braced against emotion. His will, adamant until the madness of his vertigo overcame him, corroded his life (not to speak of Stella's) and only increased the poison sac of his misery. Stuffing garlic in his ears to keep out the Niagaras and reeling planets, he careered wildly on into the heart of his private darkness, hanging the deanery windows with crape and muffling his cathedral bells on the King's Birthday, laying out guineas for his fellow Bedlamites, emptying out his poetic faeces like some obsessional toilet-scrawler – a mind in putrefaction, shot through with the bravest intermissions.

JOHN RAYMOND

Queue Here for the Pit

Isn't this where we came in?
I seem to begin
To remember the rest of the play
That starts in this way.

You don't find the dialogue thrilling?
No. I feel a chilling
Frost in the air,
A shudder of fear or despair.

But you'll admit
The actors are making a brave show of it;
Such fine turns of speech
Whatever the end they may reach!

Read between
The lines and you'll grasp what I mean.
It is what is not said
That I dread.

Ah! now they are looking perplexed.
Have they forgotten the words that come next?
Perhaps, but the play cannot stop
Till the time for the curtain to drop.

Do you think by the way it is tending
That the ending
Will be happy or not?
The very last twist of the plot
Will show . . .

But I wish I could go!

BRIAN HILL

Our Sainted Franco

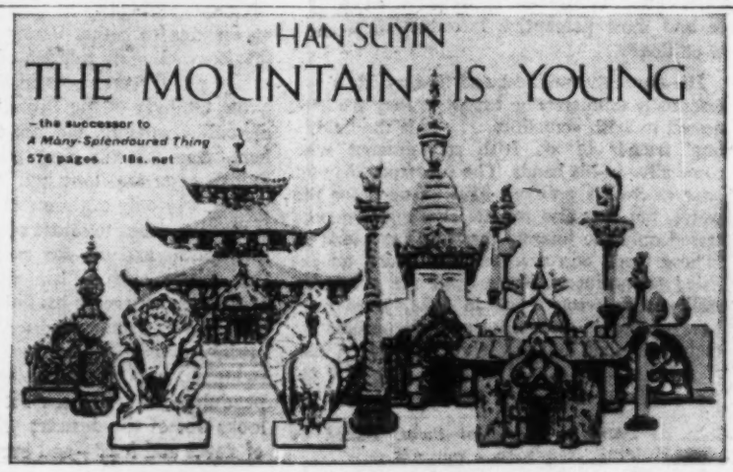
Reapers of the Storm. By ELIZABETH LYTTLETON and HERBERT STURZ. *Dobson.* 18*s.*

Disguised as a novel, this book is a documentary study of the lives of poor fishermen, landworkers, priests, landowners, Reds and Falangists in a village in the south of Spain. It is the only intimate and concentrated study of Spanish social conditions among the very poor in the last 20 years and, for that reason, it is most valuable. The disguise has been used in order to protect the inhabitants. Dull, malign, incurious and intolerant of curiosity in others, the present Spanish authorities are not indolent in espionage, police questionings, letter-openings, and the authors found themselves collecting their information under the constant watchfulness of the Civil Guard and police. In a way this was an advantage; none give themselves away so easily as the chronically suspicious. Being American was also a good disguise, for Franco's Spaniards naively imagine every American to be a mine of dollars and a disciple of McCarthy; this error is worth a fortune to the investigator who has other views. The liberal American, incurably late as he always is, is the most shockable man on earth; he is even shocked by himself.

The authors admit their bias; they are anti-Fascist, they are on the side of the poor. They are not blind to the general Spanish liability to violence, indifference and primitive cruelty or to the passivity which slowly builds up the temperature to the point of revenge. They know that Spain has a 'hard face'. Most foreigners side with the poor in Spain because the sight of disease and hunger is, in the end, intolerable, but also because the poor are not the whining, exhausted poor of industrialism. Even in the extremes of starvation in the bad years after the Civil War and in the slow settling to the Falangist yoke afterwards, vitality breaks out and dignity stands.

The early chapters of the novel deal mainly with the dramatic and atrocious period of the occupation of Malaga by Franco's troops, the horrible vengeance, the steady persecution of the 'Reds', the famine. We see these things in the lives of the fishermen, the priest's sister who eventually went mad with her own lust for executions, the two-faced doctor, the midwife, the landowner, the rising peasant owner who craftily gets a grip of the land and its cheap slave labour. We see the prostitute's granddaughter fighting the drift back to the profession, the snobberies and hypocrisies of the new order; the uneasy settling down to the daily struggle, lived under the periodical threat of digging up the past. The hypocrisies of the new regime are almost as bad as its cruelties; it is odd that a race so fearless and realistic at its best should fall into idle and obdurate moralising. We listen to the lies, the favourite oaths. We see the bad priest and the 'formal' priest; the stifling conventionality of middle-class life, with the young breaking out. We hear that incredible phrase, so commonly heard in Spain: 'Our Sainted Franco' – in Portugal Salazar is 'Sainted' also – and we see also, at the end, when Moreno the oppressive peasant is murdered, how the authorities themselves resign themselves to the relative rights of a primitive and collective vengeance. The kind of thing that happens in Spain is typified by the affair of the fishermen's midwife. Ignorant of medicine, dirty, but a friend to all, violent in the Civil War, defiant and kind, she is naturally replaced by a

The author of *A Many-Splendoured Thing* has now written a superb new novel of passionate love in rich and colourful Khatmandu. It is a literary achievement of the highest order. Published by Jonathan Cape, the book has 576 pages and costs 18s. net.



properly certificated lady, the wife of a party member. No doubt a reform was overdue. But in practice, it merely means that she won't attend the 'riff-raff'. They are, or were, 'Reds'. The Spanish trouble is that there is the small population of the poor and the huge population of the starving.

The authors of this book are good serious observers of local character from the outside. Occasionally, as in the account of a rich old man's wild and joyous fortnight in the brothel when he had all the girls to himself, they show an understanding of Spanish comic fantasy. Their dialogue is close to natural phraseology, though somewhat in the traveller's rather than the novelist's way. I don't think anyone outside of Verga has ever caught the screeching and tirading of Mediterranean peasant life. Routine oaths like 'I defecate on thy whore of a mother' are Hemingway-Spanish, true enough to life, but have the air of samples. As investigators, the authors know more about Spanish life than they are able to make live as novelists; but, at any rate, they do not write as tourists or as snatchers of anecdote and the affectionate-picturesque. They have listened and listened; and at the point where most foreigners turn away, they have diligently pushed the matter further. This quiet, attentive book will not be liked in Spain; but it describes a Spain some Americans care to know about.

V. S. PRITCHETT

How Much School?

The Costs of Education. By JOHN VAIZEY. *Allen & Unwin.* 30s.

The Secondary Modern School. Compiled by the CHESHIRE EDUCATION COMMITTEE. *University of London Press.* 12s. 6d.

Educational Psychology and Children. By K. LOVELL. *University of London Press.* 18s.

New Trends in English Education. Edited by BRIAN SIMON. *MacGibbon & Kee.* 25s.

At present, the nation cannot make up its mind either what to do, or how much to do, about education. If we follow the humane tradition proper to a democracy we shall try to give everyone an education which will enable him to use his gifts and develop his personality to the full. We assume that, as society becomes more complex and the duties of a citizen more manifold, education is all the more needed to develop civic virtues. More recently, we have all become alarmed at the inadequacy of our technical education. All these considerations urge us to spend more money on schools and colleges, but we are held back by a dread of inflation and an unwillingness to pay taxes. Further, we cannot see how to provide the numbers of well-trained people which our economy requires without giving to large numbers of children – mainly from the working class – a more prolonged and advanced education than they now receive. We have shrunk from doing this partly because it would endanger the social and economic position of the upper and middle classes, and partly because we have been led to believe, erroneously, that most human beings have too little intelligence to profit from really good education. The questions, then, which thrust themselves before us, and which we hesitate to answer, are 'How much?' 'What kind?' 'To whom?'

Mr Vaizey's book helps us to answer the first question by describing the present cost of educa-

SUMMER BOOKS FROM MACGIBBON & KEE

This Slimming Business
JOHN YUDKIN
Professor of Nutrition in the University of London
This wise and witty book shows how, by forming sensible eating habits, you can get your weight down and keep it down. 'Delivers some body blows at the diet racket.' *Sunday Dispatch.* Illustrated 15s.

Investment for the Ordinary Man
M. L. WARREN
Secretary to the Church Commissioners for England
'The advice he gives to the small investor bears the stamp of authority.' *Financial Times.* 'It explains the investment processes in terms which the amateur can comprehend and never gets bogged down in technicalities.' HAROLD WINCOTT Editor of *The Investors' Chronicle.* 15s.

Fall out
Edited by ANTOINETTE PIRIE
Foreword by BERTRAND RUSSELL
'Puts the case against any country having the bomb with real brilliance and clarity.' *Observer.* *New Edition.* 12s. 6d.

Angling in Ernest
FRED TAYLOR
'No angler who wishes to remain abreast of modern angling development can afford to miss reading it.' RICHARD WALKER. 'A highly original book.' *Manchester Guardian.* 'The photographs are excellent.' *Times Literary Supplement. Illustrated.* 15s.

THE VITAL LETTERS OF
RUSSELL / KRUSHCHEV / DULLES
The *New Statesman* correspondence with an introduction by Kingsley Martin and a cartoon by Vicky. **7s 6d**

Buckshot and Oranges
VERNON GRAMPOUND
'We have here a genuine comic stylist, a rare bird in England . . . an exuberant book.' *Manchester Guardian.* 'Dead-pan take-off of Colonial Service memoirs. Delightful.' *Daily Herald.* 15s.

Road to Within
RUTH CHOMUT
BOOK SOCIETY RECOMMENDATION
The setting of this unusual novel is a kibbutz in Israel. 'A British Jewess's critical adjustment to life as one of Israel's "new peasantry." Her love affair and eventual marriage are described with touching sincerity.' *Evening Standard.* 15s.

Awake for Mourning
BERNARD KOPS
A remarkable first novel by a brilliant young playwright. 15s.
To be published June 30.

Peninsular Paradox
PETER DE POLNAY
'A chatty, anecdotal account of Spanish customs and character. A gay book . . . makes admirable reading.' *Financial Times.* 'It evokes attractively the architecture and atmosphere of various towns.' *Observer. Illustrated.* 18s.

A Girl Survives
UTE VALLANCE
'The well-told story of a girl who defied the Nazis, and of her experiences in Stadelheim concentration camp.' *Daily Telegraph.* 'A vivid, terrifying account.' *Sunday Times.* 'Her tale is adventurous to the last; and its Goyaesque figures are amazing.' *New Statesman.* 21s.

The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Good Taste
Edited by SUSAN CHITTY
Illustrated by MAY ROUTH and PETER KNEEBONE
'An excellent feminine book.' *Evening Standard.* 'Bedside reading and giggles for every woman from eighteen to eighty.' *Sunday Graphic.* 'Fairly drips with good taste from the elegant type-face and lay-out to the subjects it covers.' *News Chronicle.* 25s.

MACGIBBON & KEE **50 Margaret Street London W1**

tion, both public and private. The definition of educational expenditure and the assessment, from the inadequate available data, of its cost, are both matters of argument, and only the broadest conclusions can be regarded as valid. These are striking enough. Apart from meals and milk, the nation is spending approximately the same proportion of its income on education now as before the war. The rise in the absolute amount spent has gone mainly to grammar-school and university education, to the relative neglect of primary and secondary modern schools; in consequence, it is the middle class, with incomes of from £500-£2,000 a year, who have benefited most from public education. Meanwhile, in a country short of teachers, anything which increases the funds available to private education will injure the public sector. The great merit of Mr Vaizey's book is that it establishes beyond doubt that public education is not a lavish manifestation of the Welfare State but a restricted and lop-sided system. It is a pity that so valuable a study should be presented in so obscure a style; and that the paragraphs on possible future expansion were not made less sketchy and more convincing.

The books by Dr Lovell and the Cheshire Education Committee accept the framework of public education as it is and endeavour to show how one can get on, inside it, with the job of teaching. Both are inspired by that zealous devotion to the job which animates so many teachers and lecturers and enables an inadequate system to transcend its limitations. Here the resemblance ends. Dr Lovell has produced an excellent textbook – scholarly, clear, undogmatic, and full of good sense – which one hopes will be studied by practising teachers as well as the students in training for whom it is primarily intended. Cheshire, alas, has sadly missed an opportunity. Here is an attempt to describe what the secondary modern school seeks to do and how it does it; and we have page after page of humourless platitudes and superficial judgments. Only here and there do the experienced and devoted teachers who contributed to the work get a chance to tell us how they run their schools; when they do, they are worthy of attention. The reader must try to dig these bits out of the book, and not be too vexed by the information that 'Language is the principal medium of human communication' and that 'Although the Act makes no reference to emotional development there is abundant evidence that the emotions are the mainsprings of human life'.

It is a relief to turn to the vigorous treatment of the secondary modern school by four teachers who contribute to Mr Brian Simon's symposium. The conditions in their schools differ widely, but their varied experiences point to a common conclusion. This is that the secondary modern must not accept the status of a pleasant, cosy place where the not-so-bright children can be kept happy and made reasonably useful without striving too much towards knowledge. One after the other, these writers show how erroneous the '11 plus' judgment, which assessed their pupils as incapable of abstract thought or academic work, can be; and how much response can be achieved if the pupils are encouraged to use their minds to the full. They are concerned to describe their schools rather than to formulate policy, but there is an unmistakable trend of argument in favour of a move away from the 'tripartite' system to some form of comprehensive secondary education. This argument is strengthened as one reads the rest of the book which describes an 'unstreamed' junior school, several comprehensive schools, and some successful attempts to frame a common syllabus, at least for the junior forms in secondary schools. It is stated with moderation and solidly based on experience.

Both Mr Vaizey and Mr Simon avoid aggressive propaganda, but the lesson of their books is plain enough. We ought to spend more on education; we can afford to spend more; we ought to provide, for nearly all the children, a tougher and more advanced education than 75 per cent. of them are now getting; and nearly all of them would profit from it.

MICHAEL STEWART

'Here is a glancing and powerful mind at its best in a novel of spiritual, unsectarian genius.'

KENNETH YOUNG (DAILY TELEGRAPH)

François Mauriac

QUESTIONS OF PRECEDENCE

Questions of Precedence is the latest addition to the collected novels of François Mauriac, translated by Gerard Hopkins. One of his early novels, it is a devastating attack on the caste-ridden society of Bordeaux. (12s 6d)

'It would be difficult to find a more horrifying exposure of the savage cruelty of snobbery and its consequences.'

WALTER ALLEN (NEW STATESMAN)

EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE

Many-Splendoured

Chinese Art. By WILLIAM WILLETTS. *Penguin Books.* 2 vols. 15*s.*

The layman who wistfully handles the glossy folios of Chinese paintings that lie in the expensive parts of bookshops, who visits exhibitions of Persian miniatures or Buddhist sculpture, or admires the bronzes and porcelains in museum showcases, is often stimulated by his discovery of new fields of aesthetic experience but at the same time discouraged by his awareness that all this *means* something – something which he, nurtured on a different set of traditions and conceptions, does not have the key to. Nervous and half-ashamed, fearful of being bullied or hoodwinked by pundits, he may take refuge in an aggressive 'I know what I like' attitude, or even in the Philistine's total rejection. If on the other hand he bravely essays to understand, he all too often finds himself launched on a sea of names, dates, schools, and influences in which enthusiasm is quickly superseded by despair. How can one obtain, without oneself becoming an expert, the historical, philosophical, religious, psychological insight into an alien people which is necessary in order to understand its art?

This new Pelican is excellent because it is just the sort of key which the layman needs at the very beginning of his journey towards understanding. He can – and I am quite sure will, in many cases – take it on his next visit to the museum or local exhibition of Chinese art. And where his interest is particularly aroused, he will consult it as a guide to further reading. It is what the experts describe as a 'popularizing' book: but it is by no means an easy one to read. Some sections dealing with technical or scientific aspects of a group of artefacts may need to be read two or three times before they are fully grasped – though the understanding thereby gained makes the effort well worth while. And the text is admirably assisted by a large number of very clear figures and diagrams, in addition to its 64 plates.

There is something of a Spengler or a Needham in the comprehensiveness and depth of Mr Willetts's approach to his subject. 'Art' includes bronze, jade, lacquer, textiles, sculpture, pottery, painting, calligraphy, and architecture. Its study involves the discussion of history, ideology, materials, and techniques as well as the more obvious aspects of art appreciation. Yet since this is not a mammoth ten-guinea *Kunstgeschichte* but a cheap 'popular' key, it has to be selective. The principle on which the author has left things out could be considered the book's strength or its weakness according to the point of view. He divides the thirty-five centuries of Chinese history into six periods and selects a characteristic art-form for each period. The obvious strength of this method is that by limiting the extent it makes possible a study in depth of each art-form, so that the reader, though he may end up for example knowing a surprising amount about T'ang pottery but virtually nothing about Ming blue-and-white, acquires just that firm, confident basis for further comparison and appraisal which is the beginning of taste and the secret of appreciation in all the arts.

The weakness is that the selection is bound to be arbitrary in some instances. In the earlier periods the problem of selection scarcely even arises. There is no other art-form for the Shang-Chou period besides the bronzes. For the Han period there are, it is true, bas-reliefs, tiles, and mortuary figurines besides the lacquers and textiles which are chosen; but sculpture so obviously belongs to the later Buddhist period and the fascinating story of silk so obviously to the Han period that few would quarrel with the author's arrangement. It is later on, over the choice of T'ang pottery and Sung painting, that learned eyebrows are likely to be raised. For my own part I found the arguments supporting the author's choice convincing, and, given his basic scheme, it is in any case hard to see how he could have avoided it, since architecture has obviously got to come last (there are so few really old buildings in China), and the rest of the arrangement then follows as a matter of course.

I confess to a prejudice in favour of this book. I find myself bored by art talk, whereas I like to be told about the eggs in tempera or, if I am admiring a brocade, what sort of loom it was woven on and how they reared the silk-worms. Whatever his subject, the author parades all the authorities for our inspection; but later on one finds that he has nearly always got something new and interesting to say of his own. A remarkably good buy.

DAVID HAWKES

Lil Old Schicklgruber

Hitler's Youth. By FRANZ JETZINGER. *Hutchinson.* 16*s.*

Legends are the stuff of Power. The rational mind toils after them in vain. I remember an interview with Hitler which the German service of the BBC fudged up during the War: Crossman and Lindley Fraser asking hard cool questions and Hitler (on records) supplying hysterical answers. The questioners tore him into small pieces; yet the listener was left with the impression that, if Hitler was to be caught, this was not the salt to put on his tail. So it is with this book. If Germans are not shaken by Hitler's holocaust (and many of them are not), they will be unmoved by the demonstration that the early autobiographical part of *Mein Kampf* is a rigmarole of lies and absurdities. Yet the truth is always worth establishing even though no one takes notice of it.

Franz Jetzinger is an old Austrian Social Democrat who has spent years accumulating evidence about Hitler's early life. He establishes, what indeed was known already, that Hitler's father was illegitimate and had no right to the name of Hitler. He speculates, less convincingly, that Hitler's grandfather was a Jew. Why deny the Germans the credit for Hitler? It is enough that his grandfather can never be known. Dr Jetzinger is on firmer ground when he describes Hitler's boyhood. He shows that Hitler's father was by no means the tyrant that the son depicted. More important, he shows that Hitler never suffered extreme poverty. He had always some income of his own; and if he was hard up this was because he resolutely refused to work. Even so during his time in Vienna he was always better off than an elementary school-teacher; and besides he scrounged on his aunt to considerable advantage. He was never in any sense an art student. He was, as we might expect, an intellectual bum.

The prize piece in the volume is the letter of excuses which Hitler wrote to the Austrian authorities when they finally caught up on him for evading military service. By then Hitler was in Munich; but there is nothing about the degeneracy of Austria-Hungary which subsequently appeared in *Mein Kampf*. Instead Hitler grovels and pours out excuses. He did not know that he had to enrol; or alternatively he had enrolled and then heard nothing; he was sick; he had no money to pay for his return to Austria. The German Consul at Munich probably paid his fare to Salzburg. There Hitler was found 'too weak. Unable to bear arms'. It is not surprising that Hitler had these papers searched for when he annexed Austria in 1938. They were never found. Dr Franz Jetzinger had them safely hidden all along.

Alan Bullock remarks in his introduction on the contrast between the feckless drifter depicted in this book and the world-tyrant that Hitler later became. He can find no explanation. Is it not that we judge political leaders by the wrong standards? Intellectual gifts and moral steadiness are needed to become a great scientist, a great writer, or even a great historian. The magnates of the business world and the gangsters of the American underworld have different qualities; and most political leaders are in the same class. The reader of this book would not be surprised to learn that Hitler ended by robbing a bank. And so he did. Only he robbed a great many and thus became a statesman.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

Three exceptional first novels...

The Monkey Puzzle

VERONICA HULL

'I have seldom read scenes at once so comic and so terrifying as this middle section of the novel. . . . Apart from being a very funny and moving book, (it) should be read by all middle-aged progressives like myself to see just what the younger generation thinks of us.'
ANGUS WILSON *Observer*

'The first 36 pages of *The Monkey Puzzle* excited me more than any first novel I've read for years.'
PETER GREEN *Daily Telegraph*

'Miss Hull's writing is like the best woman's talk—shrewd, barbed, lit up with delicious perceptions.'
V. S. NAIPUL *New Statesman*

'Springs from the same distant genius as *The Dud Avocado*, although there is no absolutely immediate connection between the two . . . Miss Dundy frothed and glittered where Miss Hull scratches and bites.'
PENELOPE MORTIMER *Sunday Times*

'My sincere congratulations . . . such crisp authentic dialogue, such scintillating yet subtle wit: even made *me* laugh.'
CAITLIN THOMAS

'The squalor is infinite . . . the dialogue is brilliant.'
JOHN WATERMAN *Evening Standard*

Jacket by Ruskin Spear **13s. 6d.**

An End to Dying

SAM ASTRACHAN

'Very much superior to anything that is likely to come from a young English novelist during the remainder of this year.'
TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

'A young American writer of very pushful promise. . . . Not a single character is without some sort of shine, some sort of vivacity.'
PAMELA HANSFORD JOHNSON *New Statesman*

'Perhaps a touch of genius. . . .'
NEW YORK TIMES **15s.**

Not Without Love

C. F. GRIFFIN

A brilliant, detached first novel by a young American, so far unpublished in the USA, whose talents *New Statesman* readers will be quick to recognise. *Coming 13 June* **16s.**

...from BARRIE

Story of the Nursery

MAGDALEN KING-HALL

A charming history which any who recall the world of nannies and nurseries are bound to enjoy.
Illustrated. 28s.

Adult Education

ROBERT PEERS

The first thorough and comparative study of this subject. 35s.

Social History of Lighting

W. T. O'DEA

"His single-mindedness has resulted in a book of compelling fascination." *Daily Telegraph.* Illustrated. 42s.

House of Lords and Contemporary Politics

P. A. BROMHEAD

"A scholarly and valuable work . . . better than any other account in existence."—Lord Pakenham in the *New Statesman.* 30s.

Dictionary of British Surnames

P. H. REANEY

A fine reference work giving the origins of some 20,000 surnames. 70s.

Marriage Counselling

J. H. WALLIS and H. S. BOOKER

Description and analysis of the work of the National Marriage Guidance Council. 25s.

William Etty

DENNIS FARR

The first documented work on the great Nineteenth Century artist.
140 illustrations and a coloured frontispiece. 70s.

Routledge & Kegan Paul

Preachers and Print

Windsor Sermons. By A. R. VIDLER. *S.C.M.* 15*s.*

Macmillan and Co. had nearly 150 volumes of sermons on their list in the 1890s and other publishers were not far behind. But today the appearance of a book of sermons such as this collection by the Dean of King's College, Cambridge, is a rare event, and in his preface Dr Vidler asks the reason why. The slick answer is that Fielding's bookseller was right: 'Sermons are mere drugs,' Parson Adams was told when he tried to market some of his own; and by now the people have learnt that it is contemptible to use opium and more manly to munch carrots. But that does not explain everything; thousands of sermons are still preached every Sunday and a good many people still appear to listen to them; yet few are ever published. Because their quality is so poor, asks Dr Vidler, or because preachers are more diffident? Has the radio anything to do with it, and do the preachers of today require no help from the sermons of others?

It is undeniable that the quality of our preaching, in the Anglican Church at all events, is not high, and we have good cause to be diffident about appearing in print. Patient indeed are those who listen to us – patient, that is, for somewhere between ten and fifteen minutes. And that is not irrelevant. The most obvious difference between a volume of Victorian sermons and the volume under review is a difference of weight not wholly expressible in terms of heavier paper. Dr Vidler felt himself obliged not to go beyond a quarter of an hour as a rule, but the great nineteenth-century preachers could, and frequently did, preach for forty minutes or more. Nor was their preaching mere wind; they did not spend their time blowing up thin thought with what Crabbe called 'tabernacle gas', but in delivering sermons much more substantial than those of today and taking full advantage of the theological education which our grandfathers had and which has since perished. The modern preacher, needing more time but having less – in his study as well as in the pulpit – is easily persuaded that he will be better employed in fulfilling his other ministerial functions; he is expected to say something on Sundays, but those 'few words' will lack the quality and substance of those Victorian sermons, on whose preparation so much time was spent and whose preaching was believed to be unquestionably worth while.

For this state of affairs the preacher of today is not wholly responsible. Towards the end of his life Hensley Henson believed that the decline of the pulpit's power was principally due to 'the fragmentary character which must needs mark teaching which is delivered intermittently and only occasionally heard.' Before petrol-engines and week-ends were invented the parson could count on a consistently regular congregation; he knew what he could assume in his hearers and he could undertake courses of Biblical and doctrinal exposition in the knowledge that he could start this week at the point where he left off last. This is no longer possible, and it is small wonder if modern preaching tends to become disconnected and ephemeral, expressions of the preacher's current thinking, such as it is, rather than a systematic exposition of the Word of God.

There are twenty-eight sermons in the present volume, grouped under 'Approach Shots', 'Bible Subjects', 'Concerning Prayer', and 'Themes and Words and Doctrines', all of them preached to mixed congregations of residents and visitors when Dr Vidler was a Canon of Windsor. They are clearly the fruit of careful (the author calls it 'painful') preparation, Biblical meditation, catholic reading and wide sympathy. Whoever studies them will not find his intelligence insulted, but he may well find his pride pricked. And if these sermons have less to them than those of sixty years ago, that is not all the fault of Dr Vidler.

MICHAEL STANCLIFFE

When two hands are clapped
a sound is produced.

What is the sound of one hand clapping?

Once presented with such a Zen *koan*, can you ever again escape it? RIDER now have ready the following reprints of the collected works of

D. T. Suzuki, D.Litt.

AN INTRODUCTION TO ZEN BUDDHISM 12s. 6d.
STUDIES IN ZEN 15s.
A MANUAL OF ZEN BUDDHISM 15s.
THE ZEN DOCTRINE OF NO-MIND 15s.
ESSAYS IN ZEN BUDDHISM
1st, 2nd, and 3rd Series 21s. each

And a new translation by John Blofeld *of*

THE ZEN TEACHING OF HUANG PO
On the Transmission of Mind 12s. 6d.
(16th June)

RIDER

Doubting-Castle

Causes of Crime. By LORD PAKENHAM. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 21*s.*

The human intellect has never played a conspicuous part in the treatment of crime. It is still quite unusual for social disapproval to take the form of an intelligent inquiry into causes. A line has been drawn between two observed patterns of behaviour, one permissible even if not 'good,' the other punishable even if not 'bad'. Research workers in growing numbers go into the question why the bad ones can't be like us.

In 1953 the Nuffield Foundation invited Lord Pakenham to make a critical appraisal of current opinions about 'the causes of crime and the reason for the increase in recent years'. The inquiry was not in fact completed, for reasons Lord Pakenham explains; and this scrupulously honest and sceptical book is a condensation of his interim report to the Foundation. He is plainly much impressed by Professor Goodhart's well-known belief that you cannot really understand why people break the law unless you understand why most people keep it, and that you cannot reach an understanding of this by a study of indictable offences alone. In his *English Law and Moral Law* Professor Goodhart wrote:

> If you want to discover how the British people feel about and behave towards the law, you can gain a much more typical insight in terms of motoring and rationing offences, which all of us are on the point of committing, than in terms of murder and robbery, which tempt very few of us.

So it's a question of degree? Lord Pakenham 'assumes free will and an irreducible element of mystery in human nature'. He prefers to discuss, not causes of crime but 'causal influences or causal factors,' and this he does by breaking open, one after another, the theories and pronouncements of the acknowledged criminologists. It is very enjoyable and shocking to watch. He does it with a gentleness and courtesy so disarming that most of them will hardly feel the pick-axe until the damage is irreparable; and then he thinks that some of them may have been partly right after all. For instance, he accepts the evidence of the Criminal Statistics that we are not as law-abiding as we were in the Thirties (page 21), and actually says 'I myself have no doubt that there has been a considerable increase in all the main types of crimes since 1938' (page 27); but then he reproduces as an appendix, with what I take to be approval, a long and closely reasoned letter from Mr T. S. Lodge, Home Office Statistical Adviser, which says with complete honesty that 'these Statistics could not (except for a few offences) be said to provide a reliable basis for a comparison of the extent of crime between 1938 and 1952'. We have no other source of information. Nor is there anyone in the country who knows more about its reliability than Mr T. S. Lodge, who points out the two great defects of the Home Office figures – first, that they often assemble offences of widely differing gravity under one heading, and secondly that two offenders can be prosecuted for quite different offences on the same set of facts. He knows for example (and so do I) that the publicity about offences of violence makes the police view violent crimes more seriously and 'carry out a general upgrading of the legal classifications attached to particular sets of facts'.

Anyone who knows Lord Pakenham, and the depth of his belief that however we hate the sin we must strive to love the sinner, may expect to find him agreeing, at least, with those who attribute the increase in crime to a decline in religious belief and observance. If so, they will be wrong. 'Quite a number of deeply informed persons' talked to him about a decline in religion – 'but others, including myself, question whether 1955 is from that point of view worse than 1938'. For my part, I often wonder whether 1955 was worse than 1855, when every slum-corner warned the poor about the wages of sin, or 1455, when you not only had to go to church but could be burned for going to the wrong one.

A lengthy supplement contributed by Mr Roger Opie, modestly calling itself 'Some Discussion of the Existing Literature', skilfully and professionally marshals the more familiar examples of those figures that Lord Pakenham has been playing off against one another; and the book is worth having for this supplement alone.

And yet, for many people, the last word will be found in a quoted passage from Dr W. F. Roper's *Comparative Survey of the Wakefield Prison Population in 1948*:

> Crime is essentially the solution of personal problems at a childish level of conduct, either because basic attitudes have never developed beyond that level or because there has been a regression to childish attitudes as a result of frustration. . . . It is natural for a young child to lie, to strike others, to intrude, to be indecent (if judged by adult standards) and to take the belongings of others. . . . Crime is predominantly a weakness of the young.

C. H. ROLPH

New Novels

Strangers in the Land. By HENRI TROYAT. *Arco.* 18*s.*

The Mountain Is Young. By HAN SUYIN. *Cape.* 18*s.*

Road to Within. By RUTH CHOMUT. *MacGibbon & Kee.* 15*s.*

Rushing Nowhere. By TOM CHETWYND. *Blond.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

The White Russian emigration to Paris, which is the subject of Henri Troyat's new chronicle, takes you back 40 years. It does not seem to have dated that much. The short-cut across the coils of history's spiral that links the Twenties with the Fifties brings the period close.

Strangers in the Land is mainly the story of one family, the Danovs, rich business people in Russia, just managing to scrape along in Paris between the wars; there are three generations of them and an extensive cast of friends and relations. It begins with the arrival from Russia of Tanya Danov's brother, Akim, a former colonel of Hussars, and his indoctrination as a taxi-driver; and carries on with the swindling of Michael Danov by Klubnikin, the bogus film-producer. After this interest switches to the sons, in particular Serge. He becomes, through the introduction of the aged and impotent Kisiakov who delights in playing the role of chief eunuch, the lover of a rich, hysterical widow. After her suicide, Kisiakov, as so often happens when a novelist introduces one particularly *louche* person in a crowd of not otherwise unduly vicious characters, tends to steal the picture until his murder by the little guttersnipe whom he is grooming to be a gigolo. Everyone else by comparison seems rather short of vitality and as the years pass, several at a time in discontinuous jerks, and the Danovs and their friends become more and more assimilated, so they fade into their background. The end comes with the outbreak of the second world war. The effect, though very natural and probably a correct reflection of refugee adjustment, is a little daunting to the reader. I doubt whether it could be avoided even if you were to read this book straight on top of its predecessor, *Sackcloth and Ashes*, which described the fortunes of the same characters, of the older generation, in Russia during the Revolution. The treatment throughout is scrupulously naturalistic. This accounts for the rather flat, almost deadpan quality. In a chronicle spanning a generation, some concentration of narrative focus is needed. Even so, this is a considerable novel, one that insists on being judged by high standards.

Miss Han Suyin is determined to give her readers fullest possible value. In *The Mountain Is Young* they get nearly six hundred pages of sexologue – i.e., a travelogue about Nepal plus a love story. It is what one calls documentary fiction, but of an ingeniously non-political kind: you shut the guide-book and jump into bed. The chief lover is Anne, an English novelist married to John, a civil servant who disgusts her so much she has become frigid as a stone. In Khatmandu, where she goes to teach in the girls' school run by her cranky old friend Isobel, she has an ecstatic love-affair on all possible planes with Unni Mennon, a virile witty Hindu. John hangs around catching diseases from Indian prostitutes and making farcical scenes. If only Kipling, Lord Lloyd, and Lady Houston were alive to see how an Asian lady novelist dares to treat an ex-ICS man in 1958! Unfortunately, Miss Han Suyin's characterisation, especially of her Europeans, is not strong enough. The only people who begin to come alive are some of her minor Asian comics like the Nepalese general. Her descriptive writing, however, is more than competent. As a conspectus of Nepal, sociological, archaeological, and religious, with due attention to the shrines of Tantric lamaism, this is as thorough and readable as most of us are likely to require. I hope she will extend the method throughout the Far East.

The next two books are both short, semi-adolescent and – presumably – semi-autobiographical documents. There any resemblance between them ends abruptly. Mrs Chomut's heroine is Jewish, purposeful and dedicated. Mr Chetwynd's hero is English, dissociated, and drifting. In *Road To Within*, Rachel throws up her job in the jungle of the Oxford Street rag-trade to join a kibbutz in the Negev. She fulfils herself in no time on the vegetable farm and teams up with Amos, an American kibbutzim of epic sententiousness. The war with Egypt comes at the end. The account of life in a kibbutz is perfectly accurate, with correct emphasis on the politically left trend of so many of the kibbutzim, their by no means unfriendly attitude to the Arabs, and by no means uncritical acceptance of the too frequent need for counter-offensives.

Mrs Chomut's heart is demonstrably in the right place; but whenever she leaves the beaten track of personal experience she goes unreal on you. I doubt whether there is the making of a natural novelist here. With Mr Chetwynd there is no telling. *Rushing Nowhere* follows the intuitive forecast of the young man's first novel with which Mr Scogan so dismayed Denis in *Crome Yellow*, but only up to a point. Guy, whose education it describes, is the lost young man of the Fifties, petulant, nihilistic, with no capacity for enjoyment. He tells his story himself in flat, sparse, exercise-book sentences: 'So as to be able to say that I had bathed in Athens on Easter Day, I plunged into the sea. When I was dashing out of the freezing water I stubbed my toe on a stone. It hurt for days afterwards.' The effect is quite impressive. If Mr Chetwynd has insight into himself this could count as a very promising *tour de force.*

MAURICE RICHARDSON

No Russian Whack

The Russians in Ethiopia. By CZESLAW JÉSMAN. *Chatto & Windus.* 25*s.*

'A valuable contribution to our knowledge of Russo-Ethiopian relations at the end of the nineteenth century? Well, of course—it is the only book ever on the subject. Nor need anyone think of writing about it again, either. Mr Jésman can hardly have omitted to mention a single Russian of any interest at all who went to Ethiopia at that time. They were a rum bunch: pure adventurers; monks scheming to unite the Monophysite and Orthodox Churches; fanatical pan-Slavs trying to extend Russian influence in as many directions as possible. Some led expeditions which had the Czar's blessing; some there were which lacked it; some sought a formal Russo-Ethiopian alliance; all became involved in the East African imbroglio, in which the British generally sided with the Italians in their attempts at penetration, and the French with the Russians. Farcically, the most notorious Russian expedition of all was nevertheless blown up by the French in Sagallo Bay.

Mr Jésman, who begins his book with this incident, does not make the complicated story as clear as he might. He runs backwards and

Achilles and the Tortoise

JOHN LINCOLN

"... gives the best presentation I have read of the fundamental split in Greek politics which has lasted since 1915."
SIR COMPTON MACKENZIE. *18s.*

A Place of Stones

JOHN GISCARD

An autobiography describing the real elements of a Lancashire childhood in a working-class family, by a new and vigorous writer. *21s.*

Michael Redgrave

now playing "Hamlet" at Stratford

MASK OR FACE

Essays on "the Method" on acting Shakespeare, on directing plays, on filming, etc.—a wise and valuable book, fully illustrated. *18s.*

HEINEMANN

Duckworth Books

Salt-Water Thief

by E. O. HAUGE

The adventurous short life of Odd Starheim—ringleader of the Norwegian boys who kidnapped merchant ships and sailed them away to Britain—cool, calculated courage of the highest order.

The book gives full hour-by-hour details of these daring ship-rustling schemes, also of the other too-little-known operations by which the Norwegian resistance kept singeing Hitler's beard. It is translated by Malcolm Munthe, son of the author of *San Michele*, and a friend of Starheim's, who worked with him on the job.

"Wartime adventure of a new and different kind. It reads like the wildest fiction, but in fact it is well-proven and documented fact. The narrative moves with a pace and drive quite unusual even in 'cloak and dagger' stories." *Western Mail.*

With 15 pages of photos, 15s. net.
By post to U.S.A. and Canada, $2.50.

3 Henrietta St. London W.C.2

forwards in time, rather as if he were a film producer who has suddenly hit on what he thinks is a new technique – the flashback. There are some surprising errors of fact: for example, King Theodore was not killed by the British, he committed suicide; and there are some odd omissions for a book which is otherwise well documented – *e.g.*, Mr Jésman does not mention the fact that Menelik II was recognised by John IV as his successor, in 1882.

Such lapses apart, his book is an interesting footnote to the history of the grab for Africa. The most important fact to emerge is that the Russians, however superficially eccentric, mystical, extraordinary, were subject to the same compulsions as the other European nations: if Italy, or Germany, or Britain got a certain hunk of African territory, then it became essential, for prestige reasons, for France and Russia to try to get another hunk of similar size. This was how the whole of Africa – except Liberia (almost an American colony anyway) and Ethiopia – was carved up in a few years. Ethiopia escaped the wolves (until 1935) for a very extraordinary reason: the European intervention gave added force to the urgency of securing the re-unification of the country, which had been in a state of anarchy for fifty years previously, and which was accomplished between 1856 and 1896 by three energetic and clever kings. It is possible that the futile Russian intervention, by providing yet one more element of division between the European states, may have been the deciding power-factor in Ethiopia's continued existence.

HUGH THOMAS

ASSOCIATED TELEVISION

announces

a new programme

in the

current series of

sociological studies

Subject:

THE PROBLEM OF ABORTION

The Broadcast is at

10.15 pm

on Monday, June 9

Gramophone Records

AMONG recent issues of symphonies and concertos pride of place must go to a Vox disc that contains both the Schoenberg Violin Concerto and the Piano Concerto, and thus couples two of the major works of his American period. Whereas on the Continent and in the United States a great deal of Schoenberg, including even *Moses und Aron*, is available on record, here nothing he wrote after 1914 is to be had apart from a few small piano pieces; but our recording companies get a poor example in this matter from our concert-giving bodies. Now, however, Vox's brave deed provides a chance to show that those people are wrong who maintain that in Britain, unlike America and the Continent, there is no market for a record of this sort.

But quite apart from encouraging a good deed, there is every reason to buy this outstanding record. The performances, in which Michael Gielen conducts the excellent Baden Baden Radio Orchestra, are both extremely fine. Wolfgang Marschner gives a superlative account of the enormously demanding solo part of the fiddle concerto – surely one of Schoenberg's greatest achievements. The later Piano Concerto seems to me a lesser work, but here, too, the soloist, Alfred Brendel, is outstanding. The recordings are both highly satisfactory, notably in the all-important matter of balance. Vox have announced that there is only to be a limited edition of this important record.

The Record Society (70 Brook Street, W1) has filled another bad gap with the first LP recording to be available here of Stravinsky's fine *Symphony in Three Movements*. This is given an extremely lucid and vigorous performance by the Orchestre des Cento Soli conducted by Rudolf Albert. The recording is very resonant, yet reproduces the hard Stravinskian sounds with ease and clarity. On the reverse side is a performance of the suite from *The Firebird*, which emphasises the music's rhythmic vitality rather than its subtle colouring. Here, too, the recording is very good. Another Stravinskian rarity is the neo-Bachian Piano Concerto, which DGG has issued with Carl Seemann as an exemplary exponent of the solo part: he is at once more delicate and more rhythmically alert than Magaloff on Decca. On the other hand Thomas Scherman's (DGG) orchestral accompaniment is not up to Ansermet's. Both recordings are excellent, and although I prefer the new version on account of Seemann, choice will probably depend on coupling. On Decca the marriage is with Stravinsky's gay and enchanting *Capriccio*; on DGG with one of Bartok's finest works, the Sonata for Two Pianos and Percussion, which is given an excellent performance, already available on a ten-inch DGG disc.

HMV and Columbia are doing a valuable service in issuing in LP form under the title 'Great Recordings of the Century' performances that are of exceptional value. Next month I hope to discuss two or three vocal recordings, but for the moment let me recommend Kreisler's wonderfully lyrical account of the Brahms Violin Concerto on an HMV disc. There are occasional romantic mannerisms that may upset an odd purist or two, yet what could be more classical than his superb sense of the music's structure and wonderful sense of phrase. There is much more than unfailingly beautiful tone about this performance, in which the LPO is well conducted by Barbirolli. Another outstanding issue in this series, and one that will appeal to those who for the sake of a great performance are prepared to put up with recordings that naturally show their age, is a two-disc Columbia set containing Weingartner's noble reading of Beethoven's Choral Symphony. The slow movement is outstandingly fine. The fourth side contains a superbly zestful and vital account of the Eighth Symphony.

Today there is only one conductor of Beethoven of this rank and that is, of course, Klemperer. Columbia has issued a wonderful performance of the Pastoral Symphony in which he conducts the Philharmonia at the top of their form. Lyrical yet bucolic, tender yet robust, a generation hence this will surely find a place in any future series of 'Great Recordings'. My only reservation is Klemperer's excessively slow and deliberate tempo for the third movement. In Mozart I can see how for some tastes he is too severe and lacking in sensuous charm. But I greatly enjoyed a coupling on Columbia of performances with the Philharmonia, again in superb form, of the Prague and the E flat Symphonies. I admit that there is some lack of sweetness in the slow movements and of high spirits in the finales, but how direct and utterly unaffected it all is. Purity of line, vigour of rhythm and coherence of conception, and a total absence of tiresome mock rococo airs and graces, give the music wonderful freshness. The first movement of the E flat Symphony emerges with the force of revelation. The recordings are as good as could be.

Columbia has also issued Klemperer's epic performance of the Brahms C minor Symphony. Occasionally there is a lack of the incandescence that made Toscanini's performance so memorable, but Klemperer's achieves a rare resolution between the music's inward romantic intensity and its architectural grandeur. The same characteristics are evident in an outstanding account of the Third Symphony, in which the opening movement surges forward with huge power. He is, however, to my mind less successful in the more sunny D major Symphony. Here his approach is too grave and deliberate and in the first movement one or two changes of tempi are unconvincing. But there are magnificent passages in this performance, which is coupled with a stormy account of the Tragic Overture. The sound in all recordings is excellent apart from a tendency of some sides to deteriorate towards their centres. The Philharmonia play magnificently.

Among other new symphonic recordings is a fastidious and sensitive performance of Beethoven's Second Symphony by the Leningrad Philharmonic under Kurt Sanderling. But in spite of lovely detail and superlative string playing, this is not robust enough nor sufficiently symphonically motivated for Beethoven. The DGG recording is good. On Decca Krips conducts the Vienna Philharmonic in sound and unmannered performances of Haydn's Symphonies Nos. 94 and 99. Their famous string tone is, however, not well served by an over-brilliant recording. Supraphon has issued an engagingly fresh and easy-going performance of Dvorak's attractive and early F major Symphony by the Czech Philharmonic under Karel Sejna. The recording is a bit thick and rough but otherwise serviceable. The remainder of the disc is occupied by Smetana's unremarkable *Shakespeare Festivities March*, which is overlong for its material.

Some terrible spell seems to hover over recordings of Mozart's piano Concertos. In K595 in B flat Clara Haskil is lamentably served by a mediocre DGG recording and a slack and indifferently played accompaniment by Fricsay and the Bavarian State Orchestra. Both here and in K459 in F major, Haskil is altogether admirable and plays with a sublime simplicity that is quite beyond Fricsay. In K459, which DGG has al-

ready issued in a different coupling, Fricsay is as sleek as ever but the playing of the Berlin Philharmonic is excellent. I find it difficult to put my finger on why a performance of the C minor Concerto (K491) on Columbia, played by Gieseking accompanied by Karajan and the Philharmonia, is not more enjoyable. Perhaps the answer lies in incompatability of styles. Gieseking's playing is slightly aloof, but wonderfully distinguished and musical. Karajan's approach is at once warmer and less aristocratic: the difference can be plainly seen in the opening bars of the *larghetto*. And there is some fatal lack of freshness and genuine feeling about Karajan's superbly executed accompaniment. The coupling is with Chopin's Barcarolle Op. 60. On HMV, however, the concerto is paired with the A minor (K488), both well performed by Solomon. The Columbia recording is excellent.

Vox has issued an interesting disc on which Cassadó, adequately accompanied by Perlea and the Bamberg Orchestra, plays Schumann's Cello Concerto with impassioned lyricism at moments wanting in polish, and his own orchestral arrangement of Schubert's Arpeggione Sonata. This is not altogether successful, for the solo part is a bit too incessant in the first movement, while the accompaniment is for much of the time little more than a vague background, too backwardly recorded. But the music is full of ravishing lyrical passages and Cassadó plays it most persuasively. On DGG Halina Czerny-Stefanska gives a relaxed yet elegant and lyrical performance of Chopin's E minor Piano Concerto. The strings of the Czech Philharmonic under Smetácek sound wonderfully full-bodied, but the DGG recording is really over-rich and lacking in definition. Ravel's C major Piano Concerto is given an outstandingly fine performance by Michelangeli on HMV. The recording is excellent and the accompaniment by the Philharmonia under Ettore Gracis is most ably done. On the reverse side is a really magnificent account of Rachmaninov's Piano Concerto No. 4 in G minor, in which Michelangeli plays with a remarkable blend of brilliance and lyricism.

Philips has issued on two discs an authoritative performance by Walter and the New York Philharmonic of Mahler's Symphony No. 5 in C sharp minor that was formerly available on 78s. The recording sounds constricted in louder passages, but it is improbable that anyone will readily rival Walter's superb handling of this remarkable work, which gains enormously by being heard on LP. The fourth side is devoted to eight little-known early songs, sung intelligently but with uningratiating tone by Desi Halban, who is exquisitely accompanied by Walter on the piano.

Columbia has issued two discs on which Hindemith conducts some of his own works, and there is, I am told, a third on the way. The set will provide a useful accretion to the substantial amount of his music already available on record. The *Concert Music for Strings and Brass* is one of the finest works of his pre-*Mathis* period, and is paired with the later (1951) and much less imaginative Symphony in B flat for Concert Band. On the second disc the rather attractive Clarinet Concerto is admirably played by Louis Cahuzac, and on the other side is the impressive suite from the ballet, *Nobilissima Visione*. The performances by the Philharmonia are solid and competent, but as is characteristic of Hindemith's interpretations of his own music, a bit ponderous and not always as lucid as might be. The recordings are good. Hartmann's Sixth Symphony, a massive and impressive if somewhat eclectic work is available on a ten-inch DGG disc well played by the Berlin Radio Orchestra under Fric-

HORENSTEIN conducts BRAHMS

BRAHMS

Symphony No. 3 in F
Variations on a theme by Haydn
Südwestfunk Orchestra, Baden-Baden
PL 10,620

'Horenstein's brilliant ear for colour picks out innumerable piquant contrasts . . . (His) claims are enhanced by a vivid performance of the St. Anthony Variations. . . . The rich contrasts of texture and mood are wonderfully realised — this is a revelation of Brahms as an orchestrator.'

David Cairns in Record News, June 1953

V O X

THE EASY WAY OF
SLIMMING
YOUR GOOD FIGURE RETAINED
no dieting — no strenuous exercise
Five minutes a day eases inches away

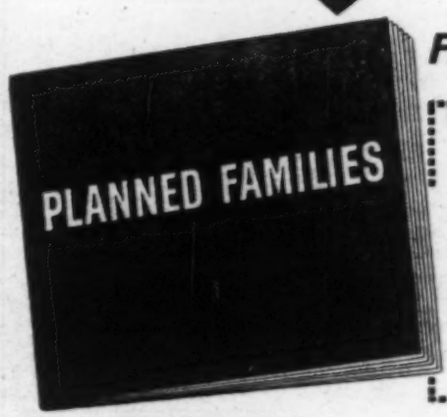
No need to give up the things you enjoy—no need to diet or risk straining yourself with strenuous exercise. Just five minutes gentle self-massage every morning with the Rallie Health Belt will get rid of that "tummy," take inches off your waistline and make you feel healthier and look younger than you've done for years. Medical Authorities approve and recommend this safe home-slimming treatment for men and women of all ages.

The pulling strands expand and contract alternatively, exercising abdominal muscles and massaging internal organs.

ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET FREE
Write to
RALLIE HEALTH APPLIANCES LTD.
(DEPT. 180X), 314, EUSTON ROAD, LONDON, N.W.1

Send for this book

Worry and upsets between husbands and wives so frequently arise through lack of knowledge of modern family planning. This useful book deals frankly with many of the questions which too often have to go unanswered. Written in an understanding and straightforward way, PLANNED FAMILIES can help to resolve one of the commonest and most serious problems in married life. Every married couple should have a copy. You can get yours now — *absolutely free.*



***FREE!* POST THIS COUPON NOW**

To: Planned Families Publications,
12 Oval Road, London, N.W.1

Please send me, under PLAIN COVER, a free copy of "Planned Families." I am an adult.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

_____

_____ 7/2/NN

LETTERS FROM HILAIRE BELLOC

Edited by ROBERT SPEAIGHT

'It gives us the man himself'—
THE TIMES

'They are the outpourings of a man who loved to write, and by whom words and phrases are struck off at white-hot incandescence, so that the letters are like buoyant halloos that flew forth . . . bringing them laughter, succour and delight.' — **The Earl of Birkenhead** in the *Daily Telegraph.*

'Witty, trenchant in argument, intensely alive, provocative'—
MANCHESTER GUARDIAN

30s. net

HOLLIS & CARTER

The Schlieffen Plan

GERHARD RITTER

Foreword by B. H. LIDDELL HART

"A source of fundamental importance for understanding the causes of the First World War. All existing accounts must now be revised"
A. J. P. TAYLOR
30s.

Oswald Wolff

say. But the balance is not always satisfactory, notably because of backward brass whose lack of power deprive the climaxes of force and excitement. Otherwise the recording is good.

PETER HEYWORTH

Week-end Competition

No. 1,475 **Set by Bristol**

The British holiday-maker abroad has come in lately for some sharp comment. The usual prizes are offered for the Unspoken Thoughts of a continental hotelier on the arrival of one of the following: a charabanc party with courier; a group of hitch-hiking undergraduates; an elderly couple who 'knew the place in the old days'; a mixed bunch of MPs; a pair of middle-aged schoolmistresses; Anthony Carson. Limit, 150 words; entries by 17 June.

Result of No. 1,472

Set by Thomas Smallbones

Competitors are invited to compose a four-line epigram on Britain's official reception of the Moscow Art Theatre.

Report

Somehow the divine spark, the savage indignation or the cutting ironic edge were missing on this occasion. Ambivalence everywhere, perhaps? And that does not crystallise well into four lines. Whatever the explanation, the entries seemed to me rather tamer than usual when tackling this kind of subject. I suggest that the first six should split the prize-money and the rest be content with the consolation of being printed.

Does Will (as usual) the right word afford?
He does! —
'The actors are come hither, my lord!'
'Buz, buz!'

LITTLE BILLEE

The Powers-That-Be neglect the Moscow Arts
To show they are no strangers to our hearts,
Their National Theatre treat just like our own,
In place of which they've given us—a stone.

ROY WALKER

For Sons of Mars and Jolly Tars
Britannia lays the carpet red
But come the Muses the old girl chooses
To bide at home in her blowsy bed.

L. G. UDALL

From greeting Players, world-famed for their art,
Official Britain must, of course, refrain:
Prince Hamlet took the Players to his heart;
But he, we know, was dotty—and a Dane.

ALLAN M. LAING

Although we're not the sort to make a fuss,
This time we overcame our national phlegm;
Before we'd seen how they diverted us,
With eager gesture, we diverted *them.*

STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

Red wings in the gloaming,
Red shoes in the traps,
Red carpet in limbo:
Red cheeks on us chaps.

J. R. TILL

Fraught with an *Orchard* to the West they flew,
Into a land of orchards and reserve.
Some son of a Czarevitch (whom the Gods preserve!)
Flung them the welcome of a freighter crew!

H. HARDMAN

Let not your bleak reception make you cross;
It was no slight, but rather to our shame:
We failed to greet and welcome you because
We could not then pronounce a single name!

R. A. MCKENZIE

Planners, grown over-sensitive to fears
That Russia's coming might reach British ears,
Deny to Moscow's players London's heart,
And hide with subterfuge their want of art.

RUSSELL EDWARDS

To welcome, in the name of Art
Great artists from beyond a curtain
The brains were lacking not the heart
We hope—but we are not quite certain.

ETHEL TALBOT SCHEFFAUER

City Lights

Political Economy

The City Procrustacians have been oddly reticent since their sentiments were borrowed by Messrs Humphrey and Martin and set to work in America with such disastrous enthusiasm. This reticence does not imply that they have abandoned their principles (how could they, at their age?) or that they no longer look for comfort and support to the Robbins & Robertson chants of liturgical economics—to that one, particularly, which reminds us that a Rising Price Level springs from Excess Demand. In prudence, therefore, they would be well advised to overlook a report on inflation, almost immorally long-haired, which has just been issued by the Economic and Social Council of the United Nations. This report suggests that any excess demand which emerged in the late industrial boom was confined to certain durable goods industries, that isolated bottlenecks and their consequences produced the illusion of a general excess of demand, and that the measures adopted by Procrustacians to remove this illusory excess helped first to provoke a wage/price spiral and then to precipitate a recession.

This, of course, is what you and I and Mr Cousins have been saying all along: Mr Cousins is no phlogiston-worshipper, nor did he first bump up against economics when it was an *a priori* branch of social morality. But it will be a good many years yet before the City comes round: lazy-minded as well as simple-minded

BUILD YOUR FUTURE

Wisely • Safely

Let your money earn

4%

Free of Income Tax

Interest accrues from date of investment
"Guide for Investors" sent on request

ST. PANCRAS BUILDING SOCIETY

For social saving
Total assets exceed £2,000,000

200 Finchley Road, N.W.3

people will still prefer to dabble in old concepts rather than to wade through acres of dreary detail to a new one. United Nations experts, suggesting that the fundamental dilemma today is to reconcile rapid growth with price stability without interfering too much with the free market, add that 'the very complexity of the challenge posed by this dilemma may have contributed in some measure to a tendency to minimise it or even to deny its existence'.

* * *

Facts, however, have a way of coming out. Grandma, for example, has been so stung by suggestions that the machinery of the sterling area is creaky and that the City may not be worth its keep that she has at last agreed to publish information – the Treasury, of course, claims the merit – about sterling balances and acceptance credits. There is nothing essentially new about the sterling balances information – though the fact that it is now to be published quarterly rather than half-yearly will make it possible to see short-term changes in the gold reserve in somewhat better perspective: the acceptance credit figures, however – the amount of money on short-term loan to foreigners through trade bills – are the first to be issued since the Macmillan Committee report more than a quarter of a century ago. Since the Conservatives took office, it appears, the volume of acceptance credit has doubled to £140 million, and there can be little doubt that this increase has been an important factor in recent exchange crises. It is noticeable that the volume of credit rose from £103 million in the third quarter of 1956 to £184 million in the second quarter of 1957, and may have risen further still before Grandma was forced to intervene. Movements of this kind were not only responsible for the sharp fall in the sterling area's gold reserve but must have played some part in the collapse of commodity prices and the drying-up of liquidity which brought the growth of world trade to a stop in the fourth quarter of last year. Even the Treasury now seems almost ready to jog Grandma out of her relish for arcana into finding out and publishing more information about movements of short-term capital.

* * *

The rolling-up of the Chancellor's umbrella has brought a rush of private companies to the market: some, of course, are brought out more elegantly than others. One merchant bank has now repeated for the owners of the Sobell-McMichael business a variation used for the John Line-Polyfilla business a few weeks ago. The essence of the matter is that there should be two classes of Ordinary share. The first, the type sold to the public, is entitled to dividends in the ordinary way. The second, the type retained by the owners which leaves them with voting control, is entitled to an equal return – but the money, instead of being paid out directly as dividend, may be allocated to a special reserve which can be used to support the free issue of Preference shares at some later date. The advantage? The owners of the private company not merely escape surtax, but do so without depriving the company of cash and without having to part with 25 per cent of their holding at a loss.

* * *

Germany's reserves have been rising again for three months; her EPU surplus jumped sharply in May when Frenchmen rushing to beat import restrictions set off a modest flight into the D-Mark. The D-Mark will continue to be a nuisance while Germany's capital-goods exports hold up, and her payments surplus is used to finance her cut-throat credit war.

TAURUS

The Chess Board

No. 447. Home-made Giant Killing

When David smote Goliath he produced a perennially popular story theme, second to none except the somehow similar Cinderella theme; and while the original giant did not have to face some simultaneously multifarious opposition such as Paul Keres had to grapple with, that shall not lessen our pride in C. G. Hilton, one of our own crack-solvers, and the only one to vanquish the grandmaster, and in a jolly good game too.

(1) P-K4, P-K4; (2) Kt-KB3, Kt-QB3; (3) B-Kt5, P-QR3; (4) B-R4, P-Q3; (5) P-B3, B-Q2; (6) P-Q4, P-KKt3; (7) 0-0, B-Kt2; (8) B-KKt5, P-B3; (9) B-K3, Kt-R3; (10) PxP, QPxP; (11) B-Kt3, Q-K2; (12) P-B4, Kt-Q1; (13) Kt-B3, P-B3; (14) Kt-QR4, Kt-K3; (15) Kt-Kt6, R-Q1; (16) Q-Q2, Kt-Kt5; (17) QR-Q1, KtxB; (18) QxKt, 0-0; (19) P-B5!, K-R1; (20) R-Q6, Kt-B5; (21) P-KR3, B-R3; (22) K-R2! [Putting up the neat trap of . . . Kt-Q4?; (23) QxB, KtxKt; (24) KR-Q1, Kt-B1; (25) RxB, RxR; (26) RxR etc.] K-Kt2!; (23) Q-B3, B-K3; (24) KR-Q1, BxB; (25) R-Q7, BxR; (26) RxQ ch, R-B2; (27) RxR ch, KxR; (28) Kt-K1, Kt-K3; (29) Kt-Q3, B-K7; (30) Kt-Kt4, B-Q7; (31) Q-QKt3, B-Q8!; (32) Q-R3, R-Q5; (33) KKt-Q5, PxKt. [Obviously, (33) Kt-Q3 would be refuted by . . . B-B7]; (34) PxP, Kt-Q1; (35) P-QKt3, B-B5 ch; (36) P-Kt3, B-R3; (37) P-QKt4, P-K5!; (38) Q-QB3, R-Q6; (39) Q-B4, B-B6; (40) P-Q6 ch, K-Kt2!; (41) Kt-Q5!, R-Q8; (42) P-Kt4, R-R8 ch; (43) K-Kt3, R-Kt8 ch; (44) K-R2, R-Kt7 ch; (45) K-R1, RxKtP ch; (46) K-R2, R-Kt7 ch; (47) K-R1, RxP ch; (48) K-Kt1, R-Kt7 ch; (49) K-B1, P-K6; (50) Kt-K7, P-K7 ch; (51) K-K1, R-Kt8 ch; (52) Resigns.

Now here's an amusing even though far from faultless game, sent in by D. J. F. Ewing.

(1) P-K4, P-QB3; (2) P-Q4, P-K4; (3) PxP, Q-R4 ch; (4) Kt-QB3, B-Kt5; (5) B-Q2, QxKP; (6) Kt-KB3, Q-K2; (7) B-K2, Kt-KB3; (8) 0-0, 0-0; (9) P-K5, Kt-Kt5; (10) B-KKt5, Q-K1; (11) Q-Q4, BxKt; (12) QxKt, P-Q4; (13) Q-R5, BxKtP; (14) B-Q3; and here, instead of the obvious . . . P-KB4 (which, incidentally, White, could have avoided by posting his Q at R4 rather than R5) Black made the horrible mistake . . . P-KKt3; whereupon Ewing deservedly punished him by (15) B-B6, PxQ; (16) Kt-Kt5 etc.

Yet another brevity, and quite a hell-for-leather game too, was submitted by its winner T. A. A. Robertson.

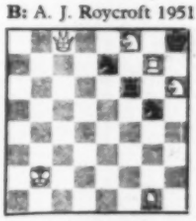
(1) P-K4, P-K4; (2) Kt-KB3, Kt-QB3; (3) B-B4, Kt-B3; (4) Kt-Kt5, B-B4; (5) KtxBP, BxP ch; (6) KxB, KtxP ch; (7) K-Kt1, Q-R5; (8) Q-B1, R-B1; (9) P-Q3, Kt-Q3; (10) KtxKt ch, PxKt; (11) Q-K2, Kt-Q5; (12) Q-Q2, Q-Kt5; (13) Resigns.

A: A. Alekhine

While earning one of this week's chessbook tokens, Robertson robbed himself of a very easy 4 points by suggesting a famous Alekhine brilliancy which he found instructive as well as pleasing. Indeed it is. **A** then is a game position in which White forced the mate in 5 moves.

For 6 and 7 ladder-points **B** and **C** are as home-made as they ought to be in a "Reader's Own" week. The former, a treat for our much neglected problem-addicts, is a 3-mover (the author's first attempt in this field). **C** is very neat too, a win for White. Usual prizes. Entries by 16 June.

B: A. J. Roycroft 1951



C: P. C. Wason 1955

REPORT on No. 444. Set 17 May

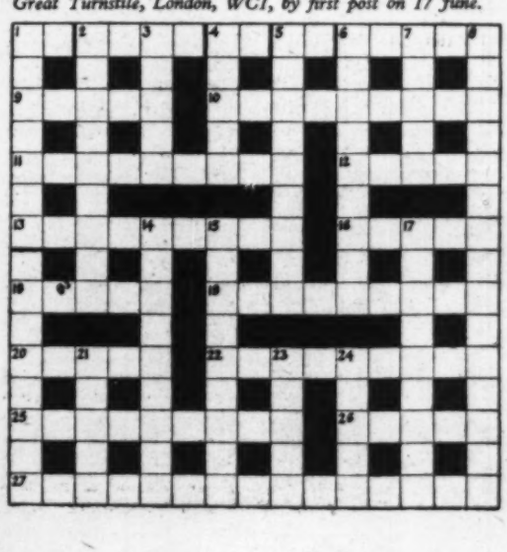
A: (1) R-Kt7 ch, K-R1; (2) R(7)-Kt6, K-R2; (3) B-R3, followed by (4) B-B1.
B: (1) Kt-B3, B-B5; (2) P-R4, B-Kt6; (3) P-R5. B-B5; (4) P-Kt6 ch, K-B3; (5) Kt-K5!, K x Kt; (6) K x P etc.
if . . . B x Kt: (6) P-R6 etc.
C: (1) P-Kt4 ch, K-K4 (best); (2) B-Kt2 chl, Q x B; (3) K-B6, P-Q4; (4) P-B5!, KtP x P; (5) K-K7, P-Q5; (6) Kt-Q7 ch, K-Q4; (7) Kt-Kt6 ch, K-K4; (8) Kt-B4 ch etc.

Many a point dropped over **B** and/or **C**. In **A** full marks for (3) R(2)-Kt3. Prizes: I. Avinery, E. W. Carmichael, J. P. Ford, C. Sandberg, F. C. Yerbury.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 306

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 306, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post on 17 June.



ACROSS

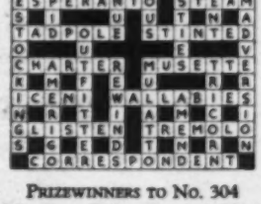
1. Somehow or other by captain or criminal (2, 4, 2, 2, 5).
9. 'A bold spirit in a ——— breast' (*K. Richard II*) (5).
10. Something given off from the oriental mother country (9).
11. These submarines finally have advantages on the surface (9).
12. Pole for premier (5).
13. A vehicle in Guiana perhaps represents another country (9).
16. Scene of conflict put back an age (5).
18. Bottoms translated (5).
19. In financial difficulties or in other straits about five (9).
20. One would be annoyed if had about this animal (5).
22. Believed with credulity and thus got married without defence (9).
25. Kind message Grieg sent deciphered (9).
26. Jane's Fanny (5).
27. Machines which are wonderful for the hair (15).

DOWN

1. Gas-bag lawyers speak passionately for the defence (7, 8).
2. Stay incognito among the horses where there is a lot of fodder (9).
3. Part of the ship which goes in for lop-sided fittings (5).
4. The playwright has a poem on Eliot (5).
5. Senior officers put Nazis and heavy artillery among the children (9).
6. It is a means of protection to place a restriction on correspondence (9).
7. The tree for a decapitated tradesman (5).
8. Benevolence whether it is centrally heated on both sides of the river or not (15).
14. One who has consideration for a potential peer with crest (9).
15. Musical term for a ship during loading perhaps (9).
17. The plant lies entangled with weeds (9).
21. Strips rising to go to bed (5).
23. The advantage of a girl having a rise (5).
24. If this mistake takes place in the cold it is ruined (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 304



PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 304

Miss Jane Bailey (London, W14), J. A. D'Arcy (London, NW3), C. Gillon (Jerusalem)

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

cost 6s. per line (average six words), minimum two lines. Box number 2s. 6d. Semi-display giving greater prominence 90s. per inch. Copy by Tuesday first post can normally be inserted same week.

N.S., Great Turnstile, London, WC1
Telephone HOLborn 8471

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

BBC requires Representative of its German Service in Berlin (British Subject). Duties cover provision of material for use in German Service Programmes, including regular weekly broadcast report, direction and administration of local office, publicity and liaison duties for German Service, and occasional duties for other BBC departments. Essential qualifications: fluent German; ability to broadcast personally in German; ability to write radio scripts. Knowledge of Berlin and of East European political conditions desirable. Special regard paid to personal qualities of candidates, including administrative capacity. Successful candidate will have to undergo medical examination. Three-year contract in first instance, of which up to one year will be spent in the German Service in London. Salary within scale £1,255 to £1,735 p.a. according to qualifications. While serving in Berlin this will be free of tax and there will also be a variable overseas allowance and rent-free accommodation. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.670, N.Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

VICTORIA University of Wellington, New Zealand. The Council of Victoria University of Wellington proposes shortly to appoint a Lecturer in the Department of English and invites applications from suitably qualified persons for this post. Teaching duties will be predominantly in modern or in mediæval English literature according to the qualifications and interests of the successful applicant. The salary will be £1,025 per annum, rising by annual increments of £50 to £1,275. The initial salary will be determined according to the qualifications and experience of the appointee. An allowance is made towards travelling expenses. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in New Zealand and London, is 15 July, 1958.

UNIVERSITY of Otago, Dunedin, New Zealand. Applications are invited for the position of Lecturer in Classics. Present salary range, £1,025-£1,275 per annum. Further particulars are available from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close in New Zealand and London on 30 June 1958.

UNIVERSITY of Otago, Dunedin, New Zealand. Applications are invited for the position of Senior Lecturer or Lecturer in Economics. Salary range, Senior Lecturer £1,315 × £50–£1,615 per annum; Lecturer £1,025 × £50–£1,275 per annum. Further particulars are available from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close in New Zealand and London on 30 June 1958.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Lecturer in Economics in the Faculty of Economic and Social Studies. Preference will be given to candidates with interests in mathematical economics and/or econometrics. Salary on a scale £700 to £850 per annum. Membership of the FSSU and Children's Allowance Scheme. Applications should be sent not later than 14 June 1958 to the Registrar, the University, Manchester 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

UNIVERSITY College London (Gower St, WC1) requires Assistant Lecturer in Philosophy. Duties to commence 1 October 1958. Salary range £700-£850 p.a., plus £60 London allowance. Superannuation and family allowance. Applications, giving names and addresses of two referees, must be received not later than 30 June by the Secy, from whom further partics may be obtained.

UNIVERSITY College of Swansea. Applications are invited for a temporary Tutorship in French for tutorial work with freshmen. Salary between £575 and £625 per annum, according to qualifications and experience. Applications (four copies) should be sent by 21 June 1958, to the Registrar, University College, Singleton Park, Swansea, from whom further particulars obtainable.

DARTINGTON Hall School, Totnes, Devon. Resident Strings Teacher required to develop teaching of stringed instruments throughout the school. Ability to help with junior class music and other duties an advantage. Apply in the first instance to the Principals, Mr & Mrs H. A. T. Child.

ORGANISER required for Bedford, Cambridge, Norfolk, Huntingdon Area (Centre Ipswich). Must be able to lecture on several NCLC subjects. Salary £575 rising by £25 per annum to £675. Removal allowance; four-week annual holiday; superannuation scheme. Apply to J. P. M. Millar, General Secretary, National Council of Labour Colleges, Tillicoultry, Scotland.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

LONDON County Council. New School of Art in Chelsea. The Council proposes to build a new School of Art in Chelsea to open not later than September 1962. Applications are invited for the post of Principal-Designate of the new School. The new School will provide full-time and part-time day and evening courses in painting, sculpture and graphic design, and will replace the two existing art schools of the Chelsea College of Science and Technology and The Polytechnic, Regent Street. Pending the opening of the new School, the Principal-Designate will be responsible for the two existing Art Schools, and it is intended that the appointment should date from 1 September 1958 or as soon as possible thereafter. Salary scale, £1,975 × £75—£2,200 and London Allowance £48 (maximum). Application forms and further particulars may be obtained from the Education Officer (FE.3), County Hall, SE1, to be returned by 21 June 1958. (990)

MADRID—Mangold Institute, Spain's leading language centre, requires for Sept./Oct. 1958, teachers of English with knowledge of Spanish. Minimum age 25; teaching experience essential.

DARTINGTON Hall School, Totnes, Devon. Resident Biology Teacher required to assist with the subject throughout the Senior School, including GCE O, A and S Levels, together with some help with Chemistry. The opportunity for taking charge of the Biology teaching will occur in due course. Some help with house duties desirable. Write in the first instance to the Principals.

JAMAICA: Independent Co-educational day school needs middle-school teachers for September. Degree or training (with experience) essential. Details—Priory School, Half Way Tree, Jamaica.

REQUIRED in September for St Christopher's Co-ed School, Gt Missenden, ages 6-14, resident Master for History, Geography, games and some craft work if possible. Interest in out of school activities essential. Approx. Burnham scale.

PARK House School, Peper Harow, Near Godalming, Surrey. Applications are invited for the post of Psychiatric Social Worker or Social Case Worker at this Home Office Approved School for 82 boys age range 15 to 18 years. The post is non-resident and is open to suitably qualified men or women. Salary scale according to quals and exper. Further particulars from Headmaster.

ST KATHERINE'S Club, Aberdeen. A Warden (non-residential) is required for this long established voluntary club to take up duties in the early Autumn. In addition to being responsible for the existing club activities, the person appointed will be expected to initiate and organise an experimental centre to attract and hold young people of both sexes who until now have been considered 'unclubbable'. A salary of £1,200 a year on contract for three years in the first instance is offered to the successful applicant who must have proved organising ability and experience and understanding of the problems of older adolescents. Further particulars and forms of application may be had from the President, St Katherine's Club, 5 West North Street, Aberdeen, with whom applications must be lodged on or before Friday, 20 June, 1958.

CITY of Oxford. Deputy Children's Officer required, preferably graduate, holding the Social Science or Home Office Child Care qualification for the post of Deputy Children's Officer. Experience of all duties of a local authority Children's Department essential. Duties include deputising in the Children's Officer's occasional absence, supervision of casework, training of students and special responsibility for work with difficult families. Car necessary. Salary APT III £845–£1,025. Permanent, pensionable post: medical examination. Apply, giving age, qualifications, experience, names of three referees, by 18 June 1958, to the Children's Officer, 10 Worcester Street, Oxford, from whom further particulars can be obtained. Harry Plowman, Town Clerk.

EAST Ham County Borough. Required qualified Psychiatric Social Worker. Salary scale £585 × £25–£810 plus London Weighting. Application forms (returnable 21 June 1958) and further particulars from Chief Education Officer, Education Office, Town Hall Annexe, E6.

QUEEN Elizabeth Hospital for Children, Hackney Road, London, E2. Assistant required in Almoners' Department, to work under the supervision of the Head Almoner. Applicants should hold a qualification in Social Studies. Adequate clerical help and pleasant modern office. Referred medico-social work offering varied and interesting experience in a busy Children's Hospital. Salary scale £410 rising to £560, plus London Weighting. Applications with two references to the Group Secretary.

ATTRACTIVE girls club (twin) requires Leader who likes girls (and does not dislike boys); September; preferably residential (congenial company). Salary £500 (less residence). Apply in writing, Warden, Mary Ward Settlement, Tavistock Place, WC1.

SECRETARY wanted, age about 25, to deal with all things from parcel packing to private secretarial work. Initial salary £10. Hard but interesting and varied job. Organizing ability essential. Apply N. B. L. Pevsner, 18 Gower St, London, WC1. MUS. 8879.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

DEPUTY Superintendent for Nursery for 25 children up to 5 years at Whyteleafe, Surrey. This position calls for a capable woman who has experience in residential nursery or similar work and who, preferably, has a qualification in nursing and/or institutional management. Working conditions are excellent and the nursery is within 30 minutes by train from London. Salary: £475-£550 according to qualifications, less £128 8s. for board, etc. 4 weeks' annual leave. Pensionable position. Good prospects of promotion. Application form and further details from: Children's Officer (SEDO/1008), County Hall, Westminster Bridge, SE1. Closing date 16 June, 1958.

FEMALE Supervisor aged 25 to 45 required for rehabilitation work with adult neurotic patients. Good personality and interest in people more important than training. Nursing experience not necessary as training on the job. For further particulars apply to the Director of the Social Rehabilitation Unit, Belmont Hospital, Brighton Road, Sutton, Surrey.

QUALIFIED Woman Welfare Officer required by well-known Children's Organisation. Duties include Boarding-out and Adoption work. Provinces. Salary in accordance with experience, on scale £500/£700.—Apply, stating qualifications and experience, to Box 911.

INTERVIEWERS. Vacancies occur in a large Marketing Research Company for full-time women interviewers who would be required to travel over a wide area of the country but who would be based in Newcastle-on-Tyne, Leeds, Sheffield, Nottingham/Leicester, Birmingham and Cambridge. Applicants should be preferably under 35, intelligent and adaptable, of good general education, in good health and able to drive a car. No previous interviewing experience is necessary. The training and probationary period is 6 months, after which there is the chance of increasing responsibility and variety of work for the most suitable trainees. Box 844.

MALE Clerk (Adult) for general clerical duties in Education Department of large organisation in Westminster District. Knowledge of simple filing systems and ability to type desirable. Varied work in pleasant, friendly atmosphere. Commencing salary £9 14s. rising to £10 4s. per week. Hours 9.30 a.m. to 5.15 p.m., alternate Saturdays 9.30 a.m. to 12.30 p.m. Good holidays and superannuation provision. Write giving age and particulars of experience to Box 636.

MARKET Research. Women of good education and personality, aged 27-35, required for interviewing and office duties. Essential requirements are the ability to talk with persons of all classes, a high sense of responsibility, an aptitude for clerical work and a willingness to travel throughout the country. Excellent salary and expenses. Write, giving full details of age, education and previous employment to Box 931.

WELL-educated assistant (female), 18-25, required for Economic and Research Department in offices of large Trade Union near Waterloo Station. Shorthand-typing essential. Good salary and conditions. Five-day week. Staff Canteen and Superannuation. Please reply in writing to the Secretary, National Union of Mineworkers, 5 Westminster Bridge Rd. London, SE1.

PUBLIC Relations—Intelligent, ambitious, efficient secretary required by Manager of young, expanding Public Relations Dept. Write Box 782, 15 Hill Street, London, W1.

EXPERIENCED Secretary required for Director of Medical Research Unit. Salary according to age and qualifications. 5-day week. Superannuation. Staff canteen. 3 weeks' annual leave. Apply Director, Radio Therapeutic Research Unit, Hammersmith Hospital, Ducane Road, W12.

SECRETARY PA, tip-top typist, meticulous, plus or minus 39, for busy works manager of book publisher's printing works in Hertfordshire. Dent, Aldine Press, Letchworth Garden City.

SECRETARY 18/22 pref. with literary tastes for interesting well-paid post W1. Portman Bureau, 78 George St W1. HUN 0676

TEMPORARY secretary for interesting post W1. Good salary, short hours. Portman Bureau, 78 George St, W1. HUN. 0677.

EDUCATED Women with sound experience are offered first-rate posts as Secretaries or PAs to men in the professions, politics and commerce. Good shorthand and typing essential. Starting salaries to £600. The St. Stephen's Secretariat, 3-4 Lincoln's Inn Fields, WC2; 316 Vauxhall Bridge Rd, SW1.

APOLLO Agency invites inquiries from top quality secretarial and general office staff. 18 Hanover St, W1. MAY. 5091.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

WELL-qualified doctor (50), retiring from Colonial Service, seeks interesting appointment UK or elsewhere. Available interview London mid-July. Box 916.

B.A., Hons Sociol., UED, teaching experience, sks part/full-time employment. 28 Downhills Park Road, N15.

STELLA Fisher Bureau invites inquiries from employers requiring administrative or secretarial staff of either sex. 436 Strand, WC2. TEM 6644.

EXHIBITIONS AND SCHOLARSHIPS

UNIVERSITY of Birmingham. Faculty of Commerce and Social Science. Edward Wilshaw Postgraduate Exhibition. One Exhibition, of the order of £200, but the amount to be determined in each case by the applicant's merits and circumstances, will be offered each year from a fund founded by Sir Edward Wilshaw, KCMG, DL, LLD, FCIS, JP. The Exhibition is open to graduates of this and other Universities who wish to prepare themselves for careers in business administration and management and who propose to read for the Graduate's Commerce Diploma in business administration. Applications (two copies) including names of two referees should be sent by 14 June 1958, to Registrar, The University, Birmingham 15.

UNIVERSITY of Birmingham. The University will offer a number of Scholarships, value £245–£310, to graduates and to those expected to graduate this summer who wish to read for higher degrees in the Faculty of Commerce and Social Science. There will be opportunities for advanced study and training in research in all the main departments of the Faculty and in subjects common to more than one department. Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, The University, Birmingham, 15, to whom applications should be sent before 14 June, 1958.

WHERE TO STAY

LONDON, WC1, Ambassadors Hotel. Bed and Breakfast. Single room 28s. Double room 54s. No surcharge. Nr Kings X, Euston and St. Pancras Stns. EUS. 1456.

CORNWALL, nr Penzance. 2 mls superb beach. Large guest house, children welcome. Open all year. Tel. Germoe 3193. Ye Olde Vicarage, St. Hilary, Golsithney.

SURPRISINGLY comfortable cottage on Cumberland Fells. Mod. cons. Ex. centre for walkers. 7 gns. full board. Box 330.

RENEW Vitality & Charm by Nature Cure. 7-day beauty regime with diets, massage, remedial baths and relaxation in a delightful retreat. Illustrated folder: Vernon Symonds, The Brooklands, Halloway Place, Hastings. Tel. 2832.

NEAR sea in lovely country. P.G. welcomed Comf. cottage, good ckg. The Studio, Uplyme, Lyme Regis, Dorset. Tel. L.R.5.

BABIES' Cottage Hotel. Happy nursery life while parents on holiday. Marguerite Hirst, Well Yard, Beyton, Bury St. Edmunds.

TWO-bedded rm, meals as required, country cottage nr Suffolk sea creeks. Box 712.

PORTHLEVEN, C'wall. Tye Rock Hotel Lovely posn sunny sth cst. Quiet comf.

GOODRINGTON Sands, few minutes sea. Coleman, Sea-Joy, Elmsleigh Park, Paignton, Devon. Tel. 58825.

HILL-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse, beautifully & remotely situated in heart of Welsh mountains nr Llyn Geriony dd. Modern comfort, very good food & fires. Friendly & Informal, 6/7 gns. George & Elaine Bonner, Penrallt, Trefriw, Llanwrst 166.

LITTLE Guide to Village Inns, Farms, Hotels on & off the beaten track round Britain's coast & country, 5s., pge 4d. from Victor Hilton (N.S.), Harbourside, Torquay.

BOURNEMOUTH, Connaught Court, W. Cliff. Tel.: 1944, 33 rms. 150 yards sea front; Gdns, Putting grn, Garages. Superlative food. June 9 gns. July/Aug. 10-12 gns.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 53 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms and brochure. Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sx. Robertsbridge 126.

COTSWOLDS—Country House in lovely surroundings. Own produce. Recreation room. Children welcome. Moderate reduction guests with young families until July. Steanbridge, Nr Stroud, Glos.

PRIVATE residence. Every comfort in homely atmosphere. 12s nightly. 10 St George's Avenue, London, N7. Tel. until 1 p.m. NOR. 1883, after 1 p.m. NOR. 5480.

BED and Breakfast guide to Great Britain. Essential for tourists. 96 pages, 2s. 10d. post free from Ramblers' Association, 48 Park Road, London, NW1.

SWANAGE Vegetarian Guest House overlkg sea. Continental cooking. Children welc. Golding, 'Waveney,' Park Rd. Tel. 2804.

LAKES Mans. Beaut. view, mod. furn. Reas. terms. Croft Hotel, Ambleside 2334.

OLD Norton House Hotel, on the Green of the famous seaside village, Rottingdean, Brighton. Imaginative & plentiful food; tasteful atmosphere; cent. hg. Fr. 8½ gns. Brochure. Tel. 3120. Prop. D. Chapman, MP.

SOUTH Devon. Small farm 1 mile sea. Bed & breakfast £3 10s. p.w. Children £2 5s. Other meals with the family if desired. Stow, Widdicombe Gardens, Nr Kingsbridge.

SUSSEX, Whinrig Guest House, Horam. 12 miles Eastbourne. Everything home-made. Vegetarians welcome. From 6½ gns.

SUSSEX. Glyndebourne visitors and others welc. 18th-century Lamb House, Chapel Hill, Lewes. Comf. rooms, brkfst. Tel. 1773.

RAVELLO. English lady welcomes P.G.s. Charming little villa. Reasonable. Rossiter, Via Vetulonia 63, Rome.

PERSONAL

EXCHANGE detached house, 3 miles S. Coast, for accommodation France, Scotland, Wales: 15-28 Aug. Box 720.

MARRIED couple, 38 and 30, teachers, seek post 28 July-23 August. Keep plus pocket money. Box 635.

VIENNESE lady, middle-aged, seeks similar to share interests. Box 920.

MAJORCA. Cottage in large orchard nr sea and mountains. Furn., sleep two; no mod. cons; reas. rent. Box 923.

S/C basement flat needing dec., and wage avail., domesticated and handy person(s) taking chge 4-rm flat & 2 childn. AMH. 1467.

SPAIN from London or Birmingham, cross 14 July, return 14 August, 2 seats in car, either way or both. Box 866.

LADY, 40's, touring Poland and Czechoslovakia 1st 3 wks Aug., shs 1 or 2 people to share driving, car exps. Box 928.

BACHELOR (24) seeks companion (m.) share holidays, weekends. Box 747.

2 SEATS Lausanne returning via Brussels 8-20 Sept. Share expenses. Box 854.

SECRETARY shs educated lady 30-35, wanting share a flat NW Lond. Box 922.

WANTED: Go-ahead agent to exploit richly talented personality. Scripts, lyrics, ideas galore. Box 433.

TWO Cambridge undergraduates offer tuition English language & lit. Box 885.

SERIOUS Piano Student desperately needs loan of piano in order to continue studies. Full responsibility for proper care. Investigation welcomed. Write Box 319, c/o Gosden's, 76 Strand, WC2.

FREE next weekend? Then join our Berkshire Weekend Party (13/16 June) or take part in a Car Treasure Hunt and Barbecue on Sunday, 15 June. Full details of these and other weekend and holiday arrangements in Britain from Erna Low, 47(NS) Old Brompton Road, SW7. KEN 0911 & 9225.

MORE struck against than striking, Anthony Panting has his studio within 7 minutes' walking of St John's Wood Bakerloo Station, at 30 Abbey Gardens, NW8.

CHILDREN'S Holiday Camp in School premises requires chef or cook & assistant month of August. Numbers 60-80. Good salary. One or two children welcomed. Odam Hill, S. Molton, Devon.

BURGESS Hill School Camp near Livorno, Italy. 29 July to 28 Aug. Inclusive fee 40 gns. Apply: The Secretary, Burgess Hill School, 11 Oak Hill Park, NW3.

TWO car seats London to S. France 18 June, return 1 July. Share expenses. Swiss Cottage 3402, 10 a.m.

WOMAN Teacher leaving London 26 July for North Spain coast has seats in convertible car, share expenses. Box 979.

ITALY via Switzerland. Five seats vacant for young people (20's) in modern 6-seater car for 2 weeks' tour in June or July. Share exps (v. reas.). Full details PRI. 3314 or 7320.

RIVIERA, St Raphael. Garden flat to let, sleeps 5. From 10 Sept. onwards. Reasonable. Box 988.

THERE'S always something worth while doing (incl. doing nothing) at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon. Just now mid-week guests have the place to themselves. Checkendon 221.

CHILDREN over 3 yrs old welcomed as paying guests, any duration. P. D. Wilson, The Gables, Halland (Tel. 268), Lewes, Sx.

CLINIC for the Bates System of Eyesight Rehabilitation every Wednesday afternoon from 2 to 5 p.m. at 18 Great Marlborough St, W1. By appointment only. All enqs to 46 Portland Place, W1. LAN. 3626.

JOURNALIST writes speeches, reports, articles, etc. Write Box 6993.

SOCIETY—Can it be improved? Contribute your ideas to group meetings and conferences of the Progressive League. Write Secretary (E), 20 Buckingham St, WC2.

RESIDENT domestic helps from abroad; Beckenham Bureau: Beckenham 8329.

CHILDREN'S Seaside Holiday School. Every care. 4-12 yrs. Thanet House, 18 Callis Court Rd, Broadstairs. Thanet 62783.

LETTICE Ramsey, Photographer. Please arrange London apmts through Ramsey & Muspratt, P.O. Terrace, Cambridge 4635.

FOREIGN girls, domesticated and willing, long/short periods available. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd, SW7. KNI 4132.

TYPEWRITERS. Modern Portable machines for hire from £1 monthly. Tel. Robert Ropkins. WEL. 6655 for details.

ST Ives, Cornwall. Accommodation in artists' attractive old house overlooking harbour. Lge secluded garden. Box 222.

THE Edinburgh School of Natural Therapeutics. Now enrolling for new class to begin this autumn. Prospectus from Secretary, Kingston, Edinburgh 9.

BOYS and Girls enjoy holidays—1958 at Pippins, Axminster, 23 July to 3 Sept. Strachan, Creek Vean, Feock, Truro, C'wall.

FOREIGN girls seek domestic posts, pref. 'au pair', Anglo-Continental Bureau, 148 Walton St, SW3. Ken. 1586.

PERSONAL—continued

SPEECH and Voice Training; Stage and TV actress gives private tuition. Write BCM/LHKQ, London, W1.

YOU can speak Italian effortlessly in 3 months with Setogni or your fees refunded. Telephone WEL. 7411 & 2.

VISION Corrected. Sight improved without glasses. Qualified Bates Practitioner, Michael Ronan, 29 Gloucester Road, SW7. KNIghtsbridge 7323.

CAMERA Advice Centre specialises in developing of films by inspection, and quality enlarging. 54 Park Road (cont. Baker St), NW1.

'EN Famille' Holidays in Austria, France, Germany, etc. Why not let us make individual arrangements for you to enjoy the interesting friendly atmosphere of a private family or join one of the special Groups visiting our International Host-Family Centre? Meet and get to know the people of the country you visit. Illus. broch. EFA, 1 New Burlington St, Regent St, W1. REG. 8866.

MR M. DAVIDSON, FSMC, Ophthalmic Optician, attends at The Hatton Optical Co., 19 Hatton Garden, Holborn, EC1. (Tel. HOL. 8193.)

LYRICS and sketches required. Scripts to Irving Theatre, Leicester Square, WC2.

PLANNED Families Booklet free. Write Court Surgical Stores, Ltd, 12 Marriott's Court, Manchester, for price list of our surgical goods, etc.

SOCIAL Science Tutorial College. Postal Crses & Coaching. 11 Old Bond St, W1.

DUREX gloves and rubber surgical appliances sent under plain cover. Write or call for our free price list now. Fiertag, Dept. N.N., 34 Wardour St, London, W1.

UP The Creek—or across the Channel—Atalanta, Fairey Marine's wonderful 26-foot sailing cruiser, will take your whole family in comfort and safety for the finest holidays you've ever known. Use Atalanta as a caravan to trail to your cruising grounds and home again, Atalanta's cost is only £1,675, plus sails, and engine if required. Extended credit terms are available of course. Write for literature to Dept. ATA8, Fairey Marine, Ltd, Hamble, Hants.

PLANNED Family Requisites List s.a.e. Surgical Store, 10a Dartmouth Rd, SE23.

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept. C.20 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science, Ltd, Regent House, Regent St, W1. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We also offer an interesting booklet giving dets & fees for our Courses & Criticisms, & success letters from students.

10% discount to readers. All household electrical goods, fridges, hi-fi, radios, TV, etc. MOU. 6597.

WRITE for Profit. Send today for interesting free booklet. The Regent Institute (Dept E./191), Palace Gate, London, W8.

PHILIP Humphreys, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, S. Kensington, SW7. KENsington 8042.

HUMANISM—a modern outlook. Write to Ethical Un. 13 Prince of Wales Tce, W8.

BED-Wetting can be stopped by wonderful new method as discussed on BBC Television. Free information, write to Enuresa Co., 119 Oxford Street, London, W1.

ACCOM. address and desk service. Holborn and Traf. Square. Ring WHI. 8584.

FOOD AND DRINK

DISGUSTED, of Tunbridge Wells, writes: 'I have given up writing to newspapers since discovering this superb El Cid Amontillado. Now everything seems very much more satisfactory'.

HOLIDAY TRAVEL

HOLIDAYS in USSR. Nearly all accommodation now taken up on our popular 65 gn. tour by sea. A few vacancies 11 July. Additional accommodation on Special Cruise sailing Le Havre 26 July, 17 days, by Soviet ship 'Gruzia' with visits to Riga, Moscow and Leningrad, from 65 gns. Please book early. Details from Contours, Ltd, 72 Newman St, London, W1. MUS. 8499 & 6463.

PROTRAVEL—The Travel Agency You Can Trust, 12 Gt Castle St, Oxford Circus, London, W1 (behind Peter Robinson). LANgham 3101.

SPANISH Touring Agency—Sunny Spain 15 days by rail from 25 guineas. Air from 38 gns. 24 Binney Street, W1. MAY. 4391.

RUSSIAN Holidays, £52/£53 inclusive. East West Bridges, 18 Tower Road, Tadworth, Surrey.

ITALY at your feet—for only 41 gns! Coach Tour visiting Milan, Genoa, Pisa, Florence, Rome, Naples, Pompei, Sorrento, Capri, Nettuno, Assisi, Rimini, Ravenna, Padua, Venice, Verona, Lake Garda. Details: Protravel, 12 Gt Castle St, W1. LAN. 3101.

INVEST 5s. in this book . . . it is worth much more'—Motoring News on 'Europe on Wheels' the Continental guide for the economical traveller. 5s. from bookshops and newsagents or 5s. 6d. by post from H. Marshall & Son, Ltd, Temple House, Tallis St, London, EC4.

HOLIDAY TRAVEL—continued

1,300 miles south to the sun
only £59 return!
MADEIRA

Searching for something out of the ordinary this year? Here then is a golden opportunity to visit Madeira, the most beautiful sub-tropical island in the world, where you can enjoy a luxury holiday at considerably reduced fares. Every hotel offers reasonable rates and retains a high standard of comfort, food and service. It is never too late to holiday in Madeira.

See your Travel Agent now or contact:
AQUILA AIRWAYS
62 Brompton Rd, London, SW3
Telephone: KENsington 4567

SUNSHINE BARGAINS

Follow the sun and enjoy a carefree holiday in pleasant company! Our Good Value Sunshine Holidays include informal parties to the Italian Riviera and Adriatic, the Costa Brava and the Balearics, Yugoslavia and Austria. Costs from 27½ gns. by rail and 43½ gns. by air. Details of these and individual arrangements in the sun from

ERNA LOW
47 (NS) Old Brompton Road, London, SW7. KEN 0911 & 9225.

GRANADA'S International Holiday School offers during August & September Spanish language courses by University experts, painting, literature, guitar, flamenco & dancing, Fiestas, excursions to Cordoba & Sevilla, the unexplored Alpujarras on mule-back, unique Spanish baroque tours. Stay as long as you like: spend as little as you please! Dets (Intl Reply Coupon): Instituto de Lenguas Modernas, Apartado 244, Granada.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

LOBBYING? S. E. Finer's 'Anonymous Empire: A Study of the Lobby in Great Britain' tells you all about it. 12s. 6d. Pall Mall Press.

HUGH Gaitskell is closely and frankly studied in June issue of 'National & English Review' (Editor Lord Altrincham), now on sale 2s. at bookstalls, newsagents. Or send 2s. 6d. for post-free copy from NR, 2 Breams Buildings, London, EC4.

STRIKE Strategy and how to avoid divisions amongst trade unionists, is the theme of R. Palme Dutt's Notes in Labour Monthly. Also 'Unemployment Warning' by Sir Richard Coppock; 'Strijdom's "Triumph"', by Solly Sachs; 'Scientists Against Nuclear Arms', by Dr E. H. S. Burhop. Post free 1s. 8d., or 9s. half-yearly, from NS, 134 Ballards Lane London, N3.

'THE Humanist' is the journal of Scientific Humanism (monthly, 1s., p.a. 14s.). Spec. copy, 'Living with Reality', and Bertrand Russell's 'Faith of a Rationalist', free. RPA, 40 Drury Lane, WC2.

PURSUED by a Bear.

'THE Week', the brilliant survey in The Observer every Sunday, that gives you a clear perspective on a whole week's news in 15 minutes' easy reading. Let The Observer put the world in your hands on Sunday.

IS the typical schoolteacher narrow-minded? Read Wentworth BA, in 'Punch' this week.

MAN'S World now contains a 32-page Male Art Photography Supplement. 1s. 6d. monthly from all newsagents.

BOOKS bought and sold, offers made for any quantity English, German, French. Waterhouse, 2 Station Arcade, Swiss Cottage, London, NW6. PRImrose 2585.

WORLD affairs, economics, socialism, Russia, communism: books/pamps bought. The Hammersmith Bkshp, W6. RIV. 6807.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

ATTRAC. s/c. 3-rm flat, fully & well furn. in mod. block; h. & c. w., cent. htg, fridge, linen, plate, etc. 3 mins tube/buses. 4-5 months 9 gns p.w. HEN. 8754.

9 JUNE. Lge modern div. rm in s/c flat N10. Bus passes dr. Own fire/meter, ckg facs. Use tel., bath. 40s. p.w. excl. Woman only. TUD. 6925 after 8 June or Box 852.

S/C furn. flat. Reduced rent for help with school-age children. WAL. 9432.

IN Hampa. flat. lge sgle b/s. Ckg facs. £2 10s. MAI. 2515 after 6.45 p.m.

HAMPSTEAD. Comfortable, single flatlets. H. & c. water, cooking facilities, service. 2 mins Primrose Hill, Regents Park. Suitable prof. lady. PRI. 6389.

£180 p.a. S/c. flat & gdn. Suit couple with child. Furniture, fittings, frig., & cooker, £350. Tel. HAM. 7236 after 6 p.m.

B/S. room, pleasant. Shoot-up Hill. Cent. heating, use k., b. & tel. Box 937.

CHEERFUL sngl/dbl. rooms, ckg facs. Perm. or temp. 'Phone HAM. 4585/SWI. 2684 after 7 p.m. week-days, all day Sunday.

FURN. bed/sit. kit./din. own cooker, water, meter, Nr Fin. Cen. Stat. Suit 2. £4 4s. Box 904.

NR Baker St. Small 1-rm flatlet, no sep. kit. 67s. 6d. HAM. 8109 evg/w'end.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT—continued

THREE furn. rooms, 1 as kitchen. C & h.w. Use bath. Attrac. house. Nr Henly's Corner, Finchley, N3. Rent £4 10s. Box 962.

EARLS Ct. Large, attractive room, private flat, garden. £3 6s. FRE. 9796.

COMF. furn. lge div.-bed-sit. rm. Own ckg facilities. TUD 2623, evgs and wkends.

BED-sit. room in mod. block, NW. C.h., h. & c.w. Own washing & toilet & ckg. facs. Porter, tel. & parking. WIL. 4113.

CANONBURY, N1. Pleas. furn. sngl. room, 2 gns., ckg. facs. LAN. 3156, 9-5.

FLAT, furn., in house, Blackheath. 2 r., k. & b. June-Sept. 4 gns. Box 981.

BED/breakfast, well furnished single rooms, gentlemen only. 3 mins Brent station. £3 10s. p.w. Telephone: SPE. 7864.

A LARGE selection unfurnished flats always available all London districts. Call personally for details to LAB, 33 Wardour St, Piccadilly Circus. Open till 7 p.m. week-days, 1 p.m. Saturdays.

AUGUST, first wk. Sept., large flat, sleep 5 & baby. N. London. Box 876.

RICHMOND flat in ladies' well-appointed house. C.h., c.h.w., garden. Box 883.

LADY, 20's, offered share s/c. flat 55s. wkly incl. Phone PRI. 3627, Sun.

COMF. single bed-sit., c.h.w., linen, service, tel. Off Finchley Rd. Profess. or business man only. Tel. HAM. 0720.

'MORE than a room—a home.' Newly furn. divan rms, TV lounge, etc. Langorf Hotel, 18 Frognal, NW3.

FITZJOHNS Ave, nr Swiss Cottage Tube. Large comf. room. C.h., c.h.w., gdn. Suit writer, prof. woman. 4 gns. Box 970.

A DELIGHTFUL quiet one-room chalet, Isle of Wight, September onwards. Suit middle-aged gentleman, ideal writer or research worker. Box 799.

ATTRACTIVE furnished house in historic Sussex village near Downs, sea. 7 gns per week summer months. Box 953.

SNOWDONIA, magnificent views sea and mountains, house, mod. con., sleep 8, available until Aug. 3. Box 957.

BED-sitting room in charming cottage with garden. 2 minutes Amersham station. Breakfast & evg. meal by arrangement. Suit business lady. Box 855.

SUFFOLK, sea; cottage all-elec., sleep 5-6. 28 June-12 July. 9 gns. wkly. Box 863.

USK Valley. Large mod. country cottage, 700ft. Magnif. panorama 6 counties. Close Wye V. Sleep 4-7. Avlble 2/3 weeks latter part July. Box 943.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

PROFESSIONAL couple living Amsterdam (British) require for August furnished flat in London. Please reply to Box 796.

FLAT/House (furnished), two bedrooms, in/near London, three months end July for careful couple with two childen on leave from India. Box 853.

WANTED immediately until end September by Colonial Official, furnished country cottage or house, 3-5 bedrms, mod. cons. Bus route & pref good train service to London. Nr sea or river an advantage. J. Westmacott, 38 Onslow Gardens, London, SW7.

CANADIAN Grad. stud. & wife req. uml f. London flat from 1 Oct. £5-£6. Kerpneck, Apt 407, 27 Walmer Rd, Toronto.

HARVARD professor, wife and child desire furnished house or flat in London from August to December. Box 604.

NURSE, midwife, shs bed-sit., rent reflecting willingness baby-sit. Box 941.

PROPERTIES TO LET AND WANTED

HAMPSTEAD and nearby. Approx. 18 furnished flats now available. Weekly rentals from 4 to 10 gns. Further details LAB, GER 9050.

KENSINGTON Districts. A selection of furnished flats always available, 5 to 12 gns weekly. LAB, GER. 9050.

AVAILABLE now. Three furnished flats Central London. 8, 10 and 12 gns. weekly. FRE. 5444.

EXPANDING West End Secretarial School wishes rent or buy house Hampstead, Marylebone, Kensington or Richmond. Must be easily accessible by bus/tube. Box 657.

IMPECUNIOUS couple require cheap house/cottage within 30 mls Lon. Box 902.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE AND WANTED

WONDERFUL value. Nr. Baker Street. Period Maisonnette modernised. 4 good bedrooms, bath, 2 w.c's, fine rec. room, kitchen. 22 yrs at £150 p.a. excl. Price only £1,850. Apply Protheroe & Morris, Chartered Surveyors, 12-13 Bow Lane, EC4. (CITy 3672.)

HIGHGATE. Elegant small Georgian terrace house. Double living/dining room, luxury kitchen, 4 good bed. modern bath, cent. heat, (wine) cellar, ample cupbds., gdn. Freehold, to inc. fitted carpets, etc. £6,250. View Sun. MOU. 8929.

ATTRACTIVE open-plan house facing south, 3 beds, garage, 35 mins Kings X. £3,275. Welwyn Garden 3703, Box 951.

OPERA AND BALLET

CARL ROSA OPERA

Week 9-14 June

Essoldo, Brighton

Mon.	Carmen.
Tue.	The Barber of Seville.
Wed.	Rigoletto.
Thurs.	The Bartered Bride.
Fri.	Don Giovanni.
Sat.	Faust.

Evenings 7.30.

THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE
COVENT GARDEN
(Tel. Covent Garden 1066)

COVENT GARDEN OPERA

9, 12 & 14 June at 7.30

Tristan und Isolde (in German).

Two cycles of The Ring, 19, 24, 29 Sept., 3, 6, 7, 9 and 11 Oct. Box Off. open until 30 June for subscription bookings only. Single perf. bookings from 1 July.

THE ROYAL BALLET
(formerly Sadler's Wells Ballet)

11 June, 7.30	Les Patineurs, Birthday Offering, Petrushka.
13 June, 7.30	Le Lac des Cygnes.

THEATRES

ARTS. TEM. 3334. T/S Evs 8, Sat. Sn. 5, 8. Something's Burning. Mems.

IRVING, WHI. 8657. Non-Stop Glamour Revue. 2nd Yr Fr. 2.30, Sn. 4.00. 7th Ed. Call or send 27s. 6d. for membership, tkt.

ROYAL Court. SLO. 1745. Evs 8, S. 5 & 8, W. 2.30. 'Flesh to a Tiger.'

THE Royal. E15. MAR. 5973. Evgs 8. Sat. 5 & 8. 'A Taste of Honey'.

TOWER. 7.30. 6, 7 (Mems. 8), 12, 13, 14 June only. Goldoni's comedy 'Mirandolina'. CAN. 5111 (3475 bef. 6). Canonbury Pl., N1.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. Heartbreak House, Bernard Shaw. Thurs.-Sun. 7.45. Mems.

CONCERTS

VAN Cliburn in his Tchaikovsky Contest, Moscow, Prize-winning programme including Piano Concertos No. 1 (Tchaikovsky), No. 3 (Rachmaninoff). London Philharmonic Orchestra. Conducted by Walter Susskind. Royal Albert Hall, Sun. 15 June at 7.30 in the presence of HE The American Ambassador. Tickets 3s. 6d. to 15s., Hall (KEN. 8212) & Agents.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY (GER. 2981). Morning Shows daily 11 a.m. (ex. Suns & Mon. 9 June). Films on Art & Life in the Middle Ages (U).

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Resurrection Series. Until 8 June: Garbo in 'Camille' (A) (1936). From 9 June: Gabin, Brasseur, Michele Morgan, Michel Simon in Carné's 'Quai Des Brumes' (A) (1938).

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Mainstream Jazz for Dancing. Today, 7 June, 8-11 p.m. Members 3s. & their guests 5s.

ROXY, BAY. 2345. W/c 8 June. Michele Morgan. 'Summer Manœuvres' A. G. Montgomery, 'Street of Sinners' X.

SCR Garden Party for visiting Soviet tourists (engineers). Wed., 11 June, 7.30 p.m., 14 Kensington Sq., W8. SCR members & accompanied friends. Coffee. Adm. 2s.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Reproductions of pictures in National & Tate Galleries, etc. Large prints from 50s. & 7s. 2d. tax. Illus. catalogue 1s. 6d. from 11 Great Turnstile, WC1.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Brasilia—Photographs and a Model of the new capital. Opening 11 June. Daily 10-6 Saturdays 10-1. Admission 1s., members free. Library: Drawings by Peter Smithson.

LEICESTER Galls, Leics. Sq. Paintings by Keith Vaughan and Terry Frost. Drawings by Camille Pissarro. 10-5.30. Sats 10-1.

'ECOLE de Paris, Yesterday and Today': French paintings, including works by Matisse, Bonnard, Signac, Dufy, Braque, Picasso, selected by Eric Newton, presented by Finsbury Art Group. Central Library, Skinner St (nr Sadler's Wells). 2-14 June. 10-8 daily, closed Sundays. Admission free.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St, W1. Philip Sutton: Recent paintings. Closing 14 June.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George Street, W1. Poliakoff—First London Exhibition of Paintings & Gouaches. 10-5.30. Sats 10-1. Until 20 June.

ZWEMMERS, 26 Litchfield St, WC2. Roloff Beny—a painter photographs the Mediterranean. 6-14 June.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

ULR Exhibition. The Left in the Thirties extended to next Wed., 11 June. Sat. & Sun. 2.30-9.30. Mon. to Wed. 4.30-9.30. LBC, 7 Carlisle St, W1.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond Street, W1. Important drawings, paintings and sculptures offered for sale in Exhibition of XIX & XX Century European Masters—Bonnard, Degas, Kokoschka, Matisse, Munch, Picasso, Pissarro, Renoir, Rouault, De Stael, Utrillo, Van Gogh, etc., and two new sculptures by Henry Moore. Daily 10-5.30. Saturdays 10-12.30. Opens 9 June.

RUSSIAN Hand-painted Miniatures on Lacquered Boxes, Exhibition and sale. Medici Galleries, 7 Grafton Street, W1. 5-18 June. Sat. 10-1.

44 Potters—an Exhibition by members of the Craftsmen Potters Association at Briglin Pottery, 66 Baker St, W1. 3-13 June. Mon.-Fri. 10-6. Sat. 10-1.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W1. Designs for My Fair Lady & other productions, by Cecil Beaton; New Paintings by Denis Bowen; Objective Still-lives, by Paul Feiler. Hours 10-6. Sat. 10-1. Closes 28 June.

ANTIQUARIAN Book Fair, 6-21 June. National Book League, 7 Albemarle St, W1. ABA members display rare books, mss, all prices. Adm. free. Mon.-Fri. 11-6.30. Thurs. 11-8, Sat. 11-5.

PAINTINGS from the Niarchos Collection. An Arts Council Exhibition. Tate Gallery. Till 29 June. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Sun 2-6. Ad. 2s.

WADDINGTON Galleries, Alva: Recent Images. Daily 9.30-6. Saturday 9.30-1. 2 Cork Street, W1.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum. The Welcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. Exhibitions: William Harvey, Tercentenary Exhibition; Electricity in the Service of Medicine; and other exhibitions. Mon-Friday 10-5, Adm. free.

EXHIBITION of Sketches & Paintings of England and Theatrical Designs by the late M. W. Dobujinsky at Pushkin House, 46 Ladbroke Grove, W11. Open to public daily, except Sunday, from Monday 2 June to Friday 13 June, 11 a.m.-1 p.m. & 6 p.m.-8 p.m.

SLATTER Gallery, 30 Old Bond Street. 1958 Exhibition Dutch & Flemish Masters. 10-5.30, Sats 10-1.

GALLERY One, 20 D'Arblay St, W1 (GER. 3529). Paintings by John Bailey.

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Vera Haller. 9 June-28 June. Daily 10-7 including Saturdays

IVEAGH Bequest, Kenwood. Exhibition of Allan Ramsay, Painter-in-Ordinary to George III. Admission free. Weekdays 10-7, Sundays 2.30-7. 210 bus from Archway or Golders Green Stations.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

THE Human Resistance Movement Inaugural Meeting, Caxton Hall, Wed. 11 June, 7.30 p.m. Subject: The Price of Humanity's Survival. Speakers: A. M. Brandt, Robert Ogilvie.

ARABINDA Basu, MA, on 'Religion and World Peace'. Annual All Faiths Service, St. Botolph's, Aldgate, E1. Thursday, 12 June 1958, at 7.30 p.m. Representatives of World Religions will participate. Organised by World Congress of Faiths.

'NO to Fascism in France and Algeria,' Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq. Fri. 6 June, 7.30 p.m. Chairman: Ian Mikardo, MP. Speakers: Michael Foot, Fenner Brockway, MP, W. A. G. Roberts (Vehicle Builders). Org. by MCF, VFS, London Majlis & Afro-Asian Students' Co-ord. Committee.

CENTRAL London Fabian Soc. Hugh Klare on Prison Reform, Wed. 11 June, 7.30, Friends Ho., Euston Rd, WC1. Vis 2s.

INTERNATIONAL Society for Socialist Studies, Conference on Socialism and the Welfare State. Introduced by Robert Plant. Free discussion. Sunday, 8 June, 10.30 a.m. to 5 p.m. Indian Students Bureau, 87 West Cromwell Road, London, SW5. Ticket and Working Paper 3s.

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Square, SW1. Public Lecture, Wed. 11 June, 6.30 sharp: 'The Path', Mrs M. H. Robins. Also Saturday Group, 7 June, 3 p.m. (readings, discussion, tea—open to all), Read 'The Middle Way', 2s. 10d. quarterly post free. Book now for Summer School, Hoddesdon, 22-29 Aug., £8 12s. 6d. incl. Information TAT. 1313.

INDIAN Institute of World Culture, Fri. 13 June 8.30 p.m. Sir Frank Brown, CIE, will answer questions on his work for India, Robert Crosbie House, 62 Queen's Gdns, Paddington, W2. All welcome.

SWAMI Ghanananda, Sun. 5 p.m., 68 Dukes Ave, Muswell Hill, N10. Bhagavad-Gita. All welc. Vedanta magazine 2s. 6d.

PACIFIST Universalist Service. 3.30 Sun., 8 June. 32 Tavistock Sq., Euston. Rev. G. E. Neely, 'The City Set on a Hill'.

S. PLACE Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. 11 a.m. Sun., 8 June. Maurice Burton, D.Sc. 'Fossils of Tomorrow.' Write for free 'Record'.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

UNIVERSITIES & Left Review Club. 'Theatre and Social Class,' Kenneth Tynan and Christopher Logue. Mon. 9 June, 7.30 for 8 p.m Adm. 2s. Mems 1s. Shaftesbury Hotel, Monmouth St, WC2.

ULR International Forum. 'Algeria and France': Mohamed Messaoud Kellou (expert on Algerian affairs), LBC, 7 Carlisle St, W1, Thurs, 12 June, 1.15. Adm. 1s.

LONDON Schools Left Club at LBC, 7 Carlisle St, W1. Today Fri., 6 June, 5.30 p.m.: David Ross (Daily Herald crisis correspondent in Paris) on France. Next week, Fri., 13 June, 5.30 p.m., Doris Lessing on Africa. Adm. 9d. Members free.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Buckminster Fuller: Man Plus. Chairman: Reyner Banham. Friday, 6 June, 8.15 p.m. Members 2s., Guests 3s. 6d.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Sybil Moholy-Nagy: Architecture—Art or Design? Chairman: Ove Arup. Wednesday, 11 June, 8.15 p.m. Members 1s. 6d., Guests 3s.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns, W11. PARk 7696. Fri. 6 June, 8 p.m. Leonard Schapiro (London School of Economics): 'The Finance of Revolution'. Fri. 13 June, 8 p.m., Bishop Bessak Toumayan: 'The Armenian Church'. At 46 Ladbroke Grove, Tues. 10 June, 8 p.m., A. Matveyev: 'Great Novgorod'. Drama read by author (in Russian).

MOSCOW Art Theatre: members of company speak on their work. Tues. 10 June, 3.30 p.m. Livingstone Hall, 42 Broadway, SW1. Questions. Tickets 2s. 6d. at door or from Society for Cultural Relations with USSR, 14 Kensington Sq., W8.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, SW1. 14 June at 6 p.m. Mr G. Froud: 'Moscow Revisited'.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8, Sun., 8 June, 6.30. Music & Readings. 7 p.m.: H. J. Blackham: 'Are the Trade Unions Irresponsible?'

LECTURES on H. P. Blavatsky's Writings, 8 p.m. Sun. 8 June: Social Welfare. ULT, Robert Crosbie House, 62 Queen's Gardens, W2.

JAI Prakash Narayan will meet Indian Socialist Group and friends at 4.30 p.m., Sun., 8 June, at the Indian Students' Bureau, 87 West Cromwell Rd, London, SW5.

SPIRITUALISM proves survival. Lectures and demonstrations daily. London H.Q., 33 Belgrave Square, SW1. BEL. 3351.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

HILLCROFT College for adult education, Surbiton. One year residential course in liberal subjects for women over twenty requiring further education as opening to careers in teaching, social work. Recognised by Ministry of Education. No entrance examination. Grants avail. Apply Secretary (NS).

LONDON University and other Exams. University Correspondence College prepares students for London Univ. General Certificate of Education (for Entrance, Faculty requirements, or Direct Entry to Degree), & higher exams. for Degrees. General Certificate (all Levels) Oxford, Cambridge, Northern, & others, Law. Private Study Courses in Sociology, Languages, etc. Prospectus from Registrar, 70 Burlington House, Cambridge.

TUITION by post for Lond. Univ. Degrees & Diplomas; also for GCE, Law, Professional exams. Mod. fees, instalments. Prosp. from C. D. Parker, MA, LLD, Dept. VH91, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages & School of English for Foreign Nationals. Students' Club 26-32 Oxford Street. LANgham 1005. All foreign languages in day & evng classes or private lessons beginners & all grades. Daily classes in English and prep. for Cambridge Univ. Certificates. Short or long courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

TOUCH-typing &/or Pitman's Shorthand. Private tuition. BAYswater 1786.

SECRETARIAL Training, especially for university graduates and older students, six-month and intensive 14-week courses. Write Organising Secretary, Davies's, 2 Addison Road, W14. PARK 8392.

ITALIAN, French, Germ. (Rome Univ., Sorb., Heidelb.), spec. Holiday Syll., also coach to Univ. Ent. Mrs Chanda HAM. 7322.

FRENCH Conversation Courses for Beginners. Discussion groups. Private lessons. —The Mentor, 11 Charing Cross Road, London, WC2. TRAfalgar 2044.

SPANISH, Flamenco, Plectrum Guitar Tuition. (Personal & Postal.) Prospectus: Ivor Mairants (s), 195 Wardour St, W1. Tel. REG. 0644/5.

MCKNIGHT Piano School (Mrs E. McKnight Kauffer) at Steinway & Sons, Conduit St, W1. Representative in Gt Britain of I. Philipp, Paris. All queries to Sec.

EXPERT tuition in interpretation and technique of Pianoforte playing—Lechetizky Method—Tanya Polunin LRAM, 46 Clarendon Rd., London, W11.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

DARTINGTON Music School, Director of Music, Richard Hall, provides a full-time general musical education for performers & teachers with individual tuition in voice & instruments. In being residential the School offers exceptional facilities for chamber music ensemble playing & choral singing. Scholarships are awarded. Prospectus from the Secretary, The Arts Centre, Dartington Hall, Totnes, S. Devon.

GUITAR tuit. Segovia style. Beginners' crse, all ages. Brochure, Spanish Centre, 36 Cranbourn St, WC2. COV. 0754.

SUMMER SCHOOLS

FABIAN Summer Schools. 16-23 Aug., Arthur Blenkinsop, C. A. R. Crosland, Hugh Dalton, Roy Jenkins, J. D. Stewart, Richard Wollheim. 23-30 Aug., Peter Calvocoressi, B. H. Liddell Hart, Brewster Morris, V. Nekrasov, John Parker, Victor Purcell. Details 11 Dartmouth St., SW1.

'TOTALITARIANISM versus Liberal Democracy,' Residential Summer School in a London college, 6-12 July, for students under 35. Lectures by British and Russian experts on Marxist theory, conditions in USSR today and Communist activity in Britain. Inclusive fee, £6 6s. Inquiries to Director of Studies, Dr C. A. Smith, M.A., 81 Arcadian Gardens, N22.

COMMON Cause offers four special places at the above Summer School on 'Totalitarianism versus Democracy' at £2 2s. Three by the elected National Executive (apply to Dr Smith), one (for London residents only) by London Branch of CC, apply to Sec., Mrs J. Hall, 27 Netherhall Gardens, NW3.

NEWLYN Holiday Sketching Group, 5 May to 12 Sept. 1958. Daily expeditions with tuition. Large studio. Beginners welcomed. Book for week, fortnight or longer. Prospectus from Director, Gernick Field Studio, Newlyn, Penzance, Cornwall.

POTTERY. Five on a course for a week with John Shelly. Starts Whitsun and thru summer. Broch.: Church Cottage Pottery, Winterbourne St Martin, Dorchester.

HOUSE Party Holidays. On our house parties in Sussex, Wales, Norfolk or Cornwall, you will meet many interesting people and enjoy a varied holiday with bathing, tennis, walking, dancing and foreign language practice. Details of these and of our 'Holidays with a Purpose' from Erna Low, 47(HP) Old Brompton Road, London, SW7. KEN 0911 & 9225.

SCHOOLS

BURGESS Hill School, 11 Oak Hill Park, Hampstead. Tel. HAM. 2019. Freedom & self-government for day children and weekly boarders. Small classes. Tuition fee 27½ gns.; weekly boarders, 30 gns. extra a term. Headmaster: J. East.

KING Alfred School (F.1898). Prog. Co-Educ. Day School, age 4 to 18. Recognised by Min. of Educ. 6-acre premises at Manor Wood, North End Road, NW11.

THE Town and Country School, 38-40 Eton Avenue, NW3 (SWI 3319.) Small group weekly or full boarders accepted, boys and girls 5-18. G.C.E. Advanced and Scholarship standard. Week-ends & sum. holidays. Hedgerley Wood, Chinnor Hill (16 acres woodland, Chiltern Hills, 750ft). Realistic approach to modern education. E. Paul, PhD; M. D. C. Graham, MA (Oxon).

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

FAULTLESS Typing for the discriminating writer. Highly recommended by famous authors, Novels, plays, poetry, etc., Editing by expd writer, Dorothy Shirley, 138 Green Lane, Edgware, Middx. STO. 6020.

FOR rapid and reliable duplicating & typing reports, theses, references, etc. Abbey Secretarial Bureau, 4 Victoria Street, SW1. ABB. 3722. Rush jobs.

DUPLICATING, Typewriting & all secretarial Services. Circularising. Dictation by telephone. Music copying. Apollo Agency, 18 Hanover St., W1. MAY. 5091.

ALL Types of Typewriting and Duplicating done directly. MSS, Plays, Scripts, Short Stories, etc. Speed is the keynote of our efficient, faultless, inexpensive service. Colinad Co., Ltd, 117 City Rd, EC1. CLE. 9637 (5 doors from Old St Tube Stn).

CHIPPENDALE & Partners type regularly for the world's largest Literary Agents; ditto publishers; best-selling Authors; Playwrights and others of international renown. Also theses, tape transcriptions, duplicating (incl. electronic stencils), translations. Overnight and weekend service. Open 9-9 p.m. at 40 Poland St, W1. GERrard 2835-6.

DUPLICATING and Typing (Stenorette tapes). Chelsea Copying Office, 43 King's Road, SW3. Telephone SLOane 6195/6.

JEAN McDougall for typing, translations, 24-hour duplication service. 31 Kensington Church St, London, W8. WES. 5809.

SAME-Day Service Duplg, Typing, Translations, efficiently executed at economic rates. Staff-Finders Bureau, WHI. 8584.

STELLA Fisher Secretariat, Ltd, 436 Strand, WC2. TEMple Bar 6644. Typewriting, Duplicating, Translations.

Incorporating *The Nation* and *The Athenæum*. Registered at the GPO as a newspaper. Application for second-class matter pending at the Post Office, New York. Printed in Great Britain for the Proprietors by Cornwall Press Ltd. Paris Garden, Stamford Street, London. SE1. Published weekly at Great Turnstile, London, WC1. Postage on this issue: inland 2½d, foreign 2½d, Canada 1d